

No. 265.—Vol. XXI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
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MISS CLEMENTS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

PREVIOUS PRODUCTIONS.

It is somewhat strange that "Much Ado About Nothing," which, according to Steevens, contains two of the most sprightly characters ever created by Shakspere, should so seldom, during the last thirty years, at any rate, have been placed upon the metropolitan stage. Of course, there are playgoers still among us who can recall Helen Faucit as Beatrice, one of her delightfully poetic impersonations, which she played first to the Benedick of Charles Kemble; who remember the manner in which Amy Sedgwick (but lately gone from among us) in 1858 depicted the lively heroine of "Much Ado About Nothing," an embodiment, by the way, which was not one of her most successful efforts; and who saw Miss Herbert at the St. James's in 1866. My own first recollection of the comedy is its production at the Adelphi, when, in 1867, that most admirable actress, Kate Terry, alternated the parts of Juliet and Beatrice in a series of farewell performances. Kate Terry brought to bear on her interpretation that bright intellect and that fine high-comedy method which invariably distinguished her work, and which, had she not elected to leave the stage at so early an age—I think she was only three-and-twenty—would, I do not doubt, have placed her she was only three-and-twenty—would, I do not doubt, have placed her high in the list of the really great actresses whom England has produced. Playgoers of a younger growth are familiar with the Lyceum performances of "Much Ado About Nothing," and have almost unanimously admired the comedy gifts of Miss Ellen Terry in the part of the heroine, in which, however, her less famous sister, in my judgment, far excelled her. It is strange that, in a space of thirty years, the two actresses who have made an enduring mark in this delightful creation should have been sisters. If the Beatrice

MISS KATE TERRY (MRS. LEWIS) IN 1867. Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

of Ellen Terry scarcely reaches that degree of excellence attained by her elder sister, the Benedick of Sir Henry Irving is certainly a far more finished performance than that of the then youthful Henry Neville, who, unless memory plays me false, was the jesting soldier at the Adelphi in 1867. More soldierly and less dry than Irving's, the impersonation lacked the finish and delicacy of the most popular of actors. It is a matter for regret and for surprise that other of our more prominent actresses of the last three decades did not. attempt (at any rate in London) to embody this delightful part. I cannot recall that Mrs. Kendal, whom I remember in her earlier years a refined, poetic, and sprightly Rosalind, ever played it. The beautiful and accomplished Adelaide Neilson, whose forest heroine had much charm, and whose Juliet-melodramatic perhaps rather than dramatic-

made so great a mark, included Beatrice in the répertoire she took to the States and Canada, but I never saw her play it here, and doubt if she ever did so. Another lady, Miss Litton, whose forte was certainly old English comedy, gave us Rosalind during her tenancy of the Imperial Theatre, but not Beatrice. The names of one or two of our younger actresses instinctively suggest themselves in connection with this rôle—that of Miss Winifred Emery, who has so often charmed us in comedy, but who, apparently, has no ambition to play Shaksperian parts, and that of Miss Alma Murray, whose achievements in the part of Rosalind, and, in a different degree, in the heroine of Bernard Shaw's delightful "Arms and the Man," were so universally acknowledged. Indeed, the Adelphi and Lyceum revivals to which I have referred remain, in my mind, the only important ones during the last thirty years, though I would by no means stake my reputation that there have not been others, and I have a dim recollection of Ada Cavendish playing Beatrice at the Gaiety in 1875. All playgoers will look forward with interest to to-day's reproduction, and will be curious to see what sort of account Mr. Alexander and Miss Julia Neilson will give of the parts of Benedick and Beatrice. That the delightful play will be adequately staged goes without saying. At the moment it is interesting to recall that, at the Lyceum, Miss Jessie Millward played Hero, her sincere and earnest method giving promise of successes in the higher walks of the drama, which her later connection with melodrama has, at present, prevented her from fulfilling.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S PRODUCTION.

Some are disposed to take a strange attitude concerning "Much Ado About Nothing," and, indeed, about other plays of Shakspere. Sir Henry Irving gave a magnificent production years ago, and apparently it is to be deemed a law that no one now should produce the drama unless his company and mise en scène excel the Lyceum standard. Consequently playgoers are to lack the opportunity of seeing the popular comedy

unless and until Sir Henry revives it again. Against such a theory, which seems to lie in the comparisons that have been made, I protest. So long as a manager offers the best performance that his means command of such a play, we may well abstain from comparison. Certainly it is much to the credit of Mr. Alexander that, without going outside what may be called his stock company, he can give us such a charming production.

No doubt, the greatest pleasure of it comes from the superb appeals to eye and the lovely music of Mr. Edward German. There were times when one seemed in some fairy palace, gazing at exquisite pictures and listening to enchanted music, No doubt the play's the thinghowever the phrase may distort the meaning of Hamlet. Yet had it been but dumb show, in which Shakspere could hardly have asserted himself, one would have had very great pleasure. The church scene—some, I fancy, considered that too much of church ceremony is given-is one of the most remarkable stage pictures imaginable, even surpassing, I think, in gorgeousness and suggestion of solidity, the one set down in black-and-white by the needle of Mr. Forbes-Robertson. Possibly this, in some measure, is a fault. Shakspere might have asked whether his plays need so much sugar.



MISS ELLEN TERRY IN 1868.

Miss Julia Neilson makes a curious experiment in the part of Beatrice, by rendering her rather as a dainty, fanciful coquette than as a frank, plain-spoken woman with shrewish tongue and a golden heart, which appears to have been the character designed by the dramatist. In fact, it is a little difficult to believe that the Prince and his friends would have conceived the idea of playing their artificial jokes on such a Beatrice, and, indeed, on such a Benedick as Mr. George Alexander. For the last thing suggested by either of the merry couple was anything like a hatred of the opposite sex. However, one must accept the fact that a player should rather play according to his or her natural temperament than in violation of it. Miss Neilson seems to me too essentially feminine to give truly the almost manliness to be found in some of Shakspere's heroines. Yet how wonderfully charming is her Beatrice, and how clever! She seems to revel in her technical skill, to set herself difficult pieces of business in order to have the pleasure of dealing with them. One must suggest that she and Mr. Alexander, too, seem to have made little study of the art of eavesdropping—they gave themselves away recklessly in the arbour scenes. As the Beatrice, so is the Benedick; and this is fortunate, for it is essential that the parts should form a real duet, and not by any contrast in character upset the scheme of the piece. A Benedick as I conceive the part, with a Beatrice such as Miss Neilson,

would be most undesirable. So let me recognise fully the cleverness of Mr. Alexander, particularly in his dealing with

has a part lying easily within

the range of the clever young

actress, and played it very

prettily. The character of Claudio—Claudio, one of the

most offensive creatures in

Shakspere — may puzzle the oldest player, and well might

over-try the art of young Mr.

the soliloquies. Miss Fay Davis, the Hero,

MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON IN "AS YOU LIKE IT," IN 1869.

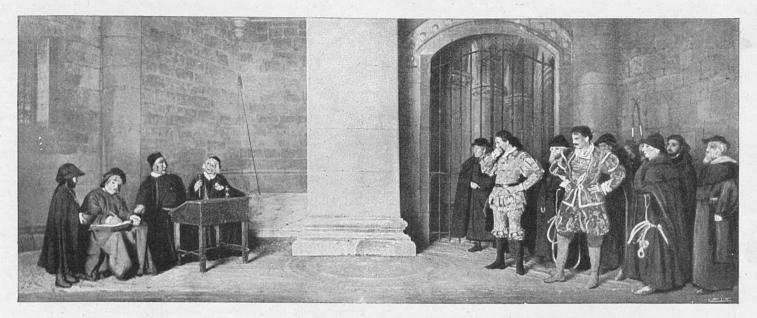
Loraine, who is coming so quickly to the front. It may be doubted whether Mr. Fred Terry has ever given so good a performance as his Prince Pedro, which was fully humorous and effective. The grim part of his brother, the gratuitously wicked Don John, was skilfully handled by Mr. H. B. Irving, who seems in a fair way to become a villain-actor of great value. One does not Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W. expect even such a sound actor

as Mr. H. H. Vincent to do much with the part of Dogberry, which, whatever it may seem in the study, does not act well. There was considerable ingenuity in the Verges of Mr. H. V. Esmond. Cne welcomes back to the St. James's Mr. Nutcombe Gould, who was very impressive in the church scene. So, taken all round, there was a capital performance as well as an exquisite setting of the wonderful play.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

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Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Dogberry: O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.



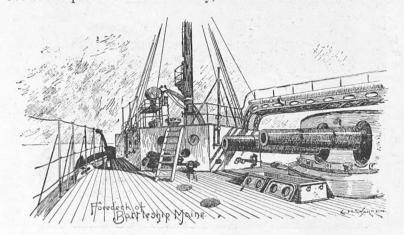
Claudio: Done to death by slanderous tongues was the Hero that here lies.



The Friar: If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you to utter it.

THE BLOWING UP OF THE UNITED STATES' CRUISER "MAINE."

The terrible catastrophe which has caused the loss of two hundred and sixty souls and the destruction of one of the finest vessels of the United States' Navy adds one more to a lengthy list of naval disasters. The Maine was a steel-armoured cruiser of modern construction. She came into existence by reason of a law passed in 1881 for the construction of two new ships for the American Navy, which should be double-bottomed



and have a displacement of about six thousand tons, and a speed of sixteen knots an hour. Thirteen competitors entered, and Mr. John, an English engineer, was deputed to design one vessel, the *Maine*, while the Navy Department designed the other, the *Texas*. The *Maine* was launched in 1890 and was provided with two turrets carrying four 26-ton guns. She had a capacity of 6500 tons, and measured 310 feet by 57 feet beam. Her total cost was £517,000, and she carried more than four hundred officers and men.

There is no need to retell the story of the tragedy which destroyed this fine vessel. It is only the other day that she anchored in the harbour of Havana for the purpose of protecting American interests in troubled Cuba. On Tuesday last week the *Maine* lay peaceably at anchor in shallow water, when suddenly there occurred an explosion, followed shortly after by a second, which sunk the cruiser with all on board. Thanks to the activity of those around, a number of the officers and crew were rescued, but two hundred and sixty lost their lives, the majority finding their tomb among the sharks which abound in Cuban waters. Whatever the cause of this calamity may be, the matter will be most carefully inquired into. The American papers point to Spanish

treachery; but two of the highest experts of the American Navy agree that no explosion produced through exterior agency would have so completely and thoroughly wrecked the vessel. Only an interior explosion could have produced such disastrous results. It is possible, in the opinion of experts, that the disaster might have been caused by the explosion of one of the boilers or the crossing of the electric-light wire; but the consensus of opinion is that the fire originated from spontaneous combustion in the coal-bunkers, and fired the magazine.

It is not the first time that a number of lives have been sacrificed by unexplained explosion. So far back as 1873, a vessel named the *Eden*, while sailing to Valparaiso, caught fire, and in a very short time the hundred and fifty tons of gunpowder on board ignited, with the result that she went to the bottom, with most of the crew. Again, in 1878, the *Cairo*, carrying a cargo of gunpowder to Australia, disappeared, being supposed to have blown up with all hands.

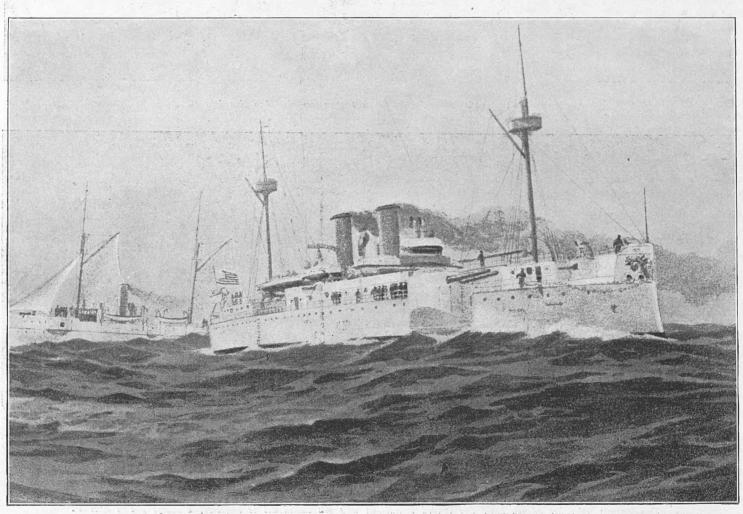
In 1878 two vessels were blown up in the course of the Russo-Turkish War. The Lufti Djelil, a Turkish man-of-war, was struck by a Russian shell while navigating the Danube, and went to the bottom with three hundred of her crew, after blowing up, and another Turkish vessel, Hifsi Rahman, was hit by a torpedo which destroyed her.

The loss of the British gunboat *Doterel*, which was destroyed in the Straits of Magellan in 1881, was due to the formation of coal-gas in her bunkers, which exploded and caused the death of a hundred and forty men; and the Chilian ironclad, *Blanco Encalada*, which was torpedoed by the *Almirante Lynch* in Caldera Bay in 1891, blew up with two hundred men, all of whom perished.

The *Petrolea*, which exploded off Bordeaux in 1892, was a petroleum steamer, and the catastrophe was shown to have been caused by the

The *Petrolea*, which exploded off Bordeaux in 1892, was a petroleum steamer, and the catastrophe was shown to have been caused by the accidental ignition of evaporated oil, and the following year saw the destruction of the Russian ironclad *Rovsalka* off Finland through an explosion which has never been explained. This fatality involved the loss of two hundred lives.

In the case of our own Navy, the only catastrophe at all comparable to that which has overtaken the United States is that which occurred on June 22, 1893, when the Victoria went down off Tripoli after being accidentally rammed during her steam trials. She carried 336 men to the bottom, seventy-six more than have been lost in the case of the Maine. This calamity has only been exceeded in one instance, that of the foundering of H.M.S. Captain on Sept. 7, 1870, when 472 officers and men lost their lives off Cape Finisterre. But terrible as these occurrences undoubtedly are, they none of them appeal more acutely to the sympathies of the public than this latest tragedy of last week. We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. R. B. Marston, of Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., for the pictures of the Maine in this page.



THE UNITED STATES' WARSHIP "MAINE," WHICH HAS BEEN BLOWN UP.
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. from "Our Navy, Its Growth and Achievement."

BEESTON, WHERE THE CYCLES COME FROM.

A DAY AT HUMBER'S.

It was a bad day for Nottingham when, in 1878, Mr. Thomas Humber turned his back on it and set up his cycle factory three miles away, at
Beeston. Nobody could fore-

MR. THOMAS HUMBER. THE FOUNDER OF THE COMPANY.

see it then, of course; but today, in 1898, cycles are a necessity, while lace, the frivolous product of Nottingham, is merelyaluxury. Sothat Beeston must increase while Nottingham decreases, and it is only a matter of time for the rural postman to find his letters directed to the hamlet of Nottingham, " near Beeston."

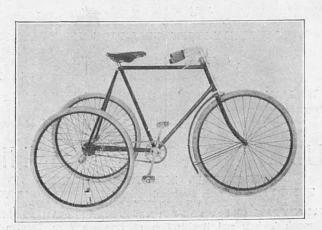
The progress of the little place during these stirring twenty years justifies that doleful prediction; for be it remembered that Beeston is Humber's. In the dim and distant ages, twenty years ago, before safeties were dreamed of and when pneumatic tyres were as yet unborn, the Beeston factory was worked by eighty men, all told, and one engine. To-day that engine, a venerated relic, enjoys a luxurious indolence in the corner of a

vast building which contains over half-a-mile of workshops, and roofs the activities of two thousand workmen. Moreover, during these decades two other huge factories-at Wolverhampton and Coventry-have come

under Humber control, and works have been started in America, Russia, Portugal, Denmark, and Sweden. It is computed that, on the average, a complete Humber machine is turned out every forty seconds of a working-day. Who could have dreamed twenty-five years ago, when Mr. Humber issued his first price-list as "T. Humber, Bicycle Manufacturer, Stretton Street, Union Road, Nottingham," and when the buyer of one of his first tubular machines brought it back after an accident with the reproach, "You must have known it was hollow when you sent it out," that so colossal an enterprise would spring from the ashes of the "bone-shaker"?

To the enthusiastic cyclist, Beeston is something like the Mohammedan's Mecca, and the Sketch representative who, in response to the courteous invita-

tion of the general manager, Mr. Henry Moore, was deputed to visit the works, felt, as the Midland train whirled him up northwards to the land of Humber, that he had not lived in vain. On the way, one gathered from Mr. Moore a good deal of information as to the principles and policy of the Humber Company. The name is, as every cyclist knows, a guarantee of absolute perfection of workmanship. Over each tiniest detail, over every cone and pin, is expended an amount of care and energy almost incredible. "Take the case of our bearings,"



A TRICYCLE MADE AT COVENTRY, RIDDEN BY THE SHAHZADA.

said Mr. Moore. "There are many automatic processes for turning out bearings, excellent in their way, at about a-hundredth of the cost which we incur. But in the Beeston works every one is forged by hand—a laborious process, but the only one by which you can secure the compression of the fibre of the metal which constitutes the unrivalled

wearing-power of the Humber bearings. That is the system we adopt

"Then you make none but the best machines at Beeston?"

"None but the best. We have never made any other. The workmen have grown up with the firm, and have not been accustomed to any other class of work. There is no piece-work."

"What of the Wolverhampton and Coventry machines?"

"Well, our Wolverhampton workmen have been trained at Beeston, and the machines are made on the same plan: The Coventry cycles are designed for people who desire the best article possible at a moderate price. Every machine is subjected to a rigid scrutiny before being passed."
"Ladies' machines are, of

course, more popular than

"Yes. Quite a number of ladies want us to decorate machines to match a particular costume, and we are prepared to do it at a slight extra cost. I should mention that all Beeston and Wolverhampton ladies' safeties are fitted with a Humber-Carter gear-case, which protects the dress and

keeps the chain clean."

Tricycles, it appears, arc still made at Beeston and Coventry in considerable quantities, though they have

MR. HENRY MOORE. GENERAL MANAGER HUMBER EXTENSION.

never recovered from the shock of the invention of the safety bicycle. The factory itself, an illimitable expanse of red brick, is too vast

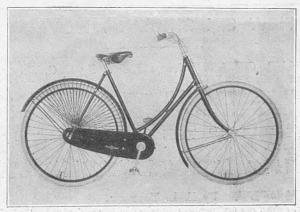
an establishment to be mastered in less than a week. One follows the genial Mr. Eason through room after room with a confused sense of innumerable turning lathes, roaring furnaces, glowing metal, wheels, ovens, files, and armies of workers intent on legions of little bits of metal; and emerges wiser by a whole lexicon of technical terms. We observe a wonderful process by which metal which would be too rigid if it were cast-iron, and too soft if it were malleable, is so treated in a furnace that the core is soft, while the outer rim remains hard. We are impressed by the system of "reinforcement," by which tubes are strengthened at all points of special strain by an inner tube for a distance of two inches. We admire the ingenuity of a "detachable joint" of Mr. Eason's invention, which does away with the necessity of "brazing," and this clever invention, it may be noted, is

one of the features of the '98 Beeston wheels.

But perhaps the most striking novelty of the season is the aluminium cycles, for which one may safely predict a great future. They are, of course, much lighter than the ordinary make, without, it is claimed, any loss of strength or rigidity. The weight has been pulled down to under twenty-three pounds, and Beeston contains a gentleman of generous proportion (weighing, in fact, over eighteen stone) who rides a



THE NOVELTY OF THE SEASON--ALUMINIUM BICYCLE.

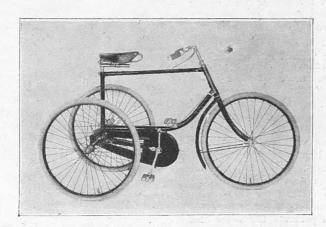


CYCLE FOR LADIES, BUILT AT BEESTON AND WOLVERHAMPTON.

twenty-two pound machine with comfort and dignity. The aluminium cycle is decidedly ornamental. On the other hand, it is a trifle more expensive than the heavier makes. They have been trying for five years at Beeston to bring aluminium within the sphere of practical cyclemaking, but hitherto it had resisted all efforts. The difficulty was with

the joints; they simply would not solder. It was only when they hit on the idea of the new detachable joint that the experiments were crowned with success. Even now there are no aluminium machines for ladies, but it is hoped that these will be among the novelties for 1899.

We follow with interest the thousand-and-one processes by which cones, axles, and each of the other hundred and ninety components which go to make a Humber Beeston, are fitted to play their part, and the elaborate system of gauges by which each is thoroughly tested. It is one of the Humber principles that in the thousandth part of an inch lies all the difference between good fitting and bad; and the different sections are calculated to such a picety that any part of any different sections are calculated to such a nicety that any part of any



A BEESTON TRICYCLE (TOP BAR DETACHABLE FOR LADIES' USE).

one machine will fit equally well on any other machine of the same specification. We notice, also, that, with the exception of the wheels, all the parts can be laid practically in a straight line; and later on, in the packing department, we see half-a-dozen machines packed up for Bombay in a case of surprisingly modest dimensions.

Among other novelties, the "duplex chain stay," which, by securing absolute rigidity between the bracket and the hub, makes any twist quite impossible, and the "reversible saddle-pillar," by which the rider is enabled to vary the position of the seat according to taste, are, perhaps, the chief. But one cannot exhaust, one can hardly indicate, the Humber undertaking in a column. Boston may be the "hub" of the universe, but Beeston is the metropolis of the "hub."

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SMALL TALK.

I understand that it is more than likely that the Queen will pay a second visit to Netley Hospital on her return from the Continent. Her Majesty very naturally takes a peculiar and special interest in this most

useful and deserving institution, for it may be regarded as one of the legacies to the country of the late Prince Consort. The Prince thoroughly realised during the Crimean War how needful was such an establishment, and the result was the imposing, though hardly architecturally beautiful, hospital at Netley, which was built in spite of many objections to the site both in and out of Parliament. The main objection was on the score of health, it being urged that the mud-banks exposed at low water would prove extremely injurious. Experience has shown the reverse: the hospital has been found as salubrious as it is convenient. A point of its internal arrangements, on which stress was laid by a writer a few years since, is the excellent exerciseground for patients indoors, provided by the three corridors, each of which runs the whole length of the building-nearly a quarter of a mile. Most appropriately, it was in the grounds of Netley that an octagonal cross was erected (I think in 1864 or 1865) to the memory of those medical officers who died during the long and tedious Crimean campaign.

The other day I saw it stated that Lord Roberts ("our Bobs") had purchased No. 1, Great Stanhope Street, for something between forty and fifty thousand pounds. I was hardly surprised to learn that this was a mistake. The house in question, the London residence of the Dukes of Manchester, has been bought not by our popular Indian hero, but by

our popular Indian hero, but by
Lord Robartes, who is a Cornishman. The price paid by Lord Robartes
for his new residence was, I believe, forty-five thousand pounds. This
seems a big sum, no doubt, to those who are familiar with house and
thoroughfare, but it should be remembered the property is freehold, and
freeholds in this part of the town are not often obtainable.

There is nothing very remarkable about the residence of the Dukes of Manchester, inside or out, and I should imagine the new proprietor is

not unlikely to spend something on internal embellishments before he "goes into residence." Great Stanhope Street consists of some fifteen mansions, and has boasted several eminent residents. The great Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, George Canning, Lord Raglan, and the first Lord Hardinge all resided at one time or other in this little

the first Lord Hardinge all resided at one time or other in this little
"Great" street. You know
"Bob's" famous white Arab.
Herewith I give Lord Wolseley's
favourite grey.

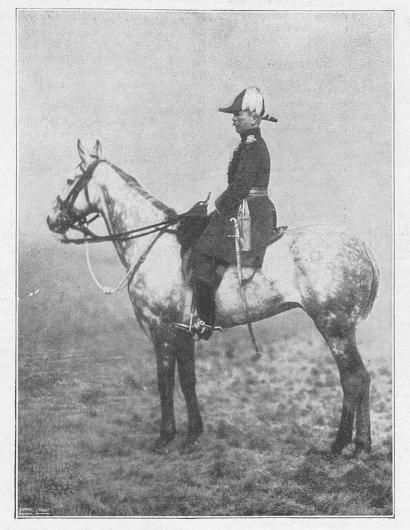
The country residence of the Marquis of Abergavenny, with whom much sympathy must just now be felt by all classes, is Eridge Castle, near Tunbridge Wells. The castle, with its ivied walls, is by no means a very ancient residence. Indeed, it was not till somewhere towards the close of last century that Eridge became the principal residence of the Nevills. Even then the castle was not completed, as we see it now, till a much later date, and but little of the original building remains. But if the castle is modern, the park is one of the oldest as well as the most picturesque in all England. Writing in 1606, Aaron Hill says—

There is a place called Eridge Park, belonging to Lord Abergavenny, and an open, old, appropriated forest of the name of Waterdown that butted on the park enclosure. The park was an assemblage of all nature's beauties, hills, vales, brooks, lawns, groves, thickets, rocks, and waterfalls, all wildly noble and irregularly amiable.

This striking word-picture is as true to-day as it was when Aaron Hill wrote the epistle in question. A more delightful pleasaunce it is difficult to imagine. It is a glorious picture, when the rhododendrons bloom, to note the lines of glowing colour from the lodgegate to the castle entrance, where on the stone gateway stands boldly the Nevill motto, "Ne vile velis" ("Stoop to nothing base"), a

"("Stoop to nothing base"), a motto one member of the ancient family has, alas, not laid to heart. In Eridge Castle are many historic treasures of this great English house.

As if the dress of the day was too dry and prosaic, Bournemouth has been masquerading in fancy costumes, under the direction of the Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mattocks. A children's carnival was held in the afternoon and a reception of the grown-up townspeople in the evening of Wednesday, at which a game of living whist was played.



LORD WOLSELEY ON HIS CHARGER.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.



LIVING WHIST AT BOURNEMOUTH. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MIELL AND RIDLEY, BOURNEMOUTH.

The ingenuity of booksellers is being exercised by the competition in the trade. Of late there has been a great improvement in their catalogues. One of the best examples is Messrs. Hatchard's catchy list, "The Books of To-day and To-morrow." But Booksellers' Row itself is

keeping step with the West, as you will see by Messrs. Myers' catalogue, the front of which I reproduce.

We hear much in these days of the inadequate equipment of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. Criticism has now extended its long arm from extinguisher to fuel, and the London dwelling-house, more especially its highly inflammable stair, has been called to judgment by Mr. William Simpson, R.I., Honorary Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects. In the current number of the Journal of that Society, Mr. Simpson deals exhaustively with the stair, which he flatly sets down as a death-trap, with reason, it would appear. From statistics Mr. Simpson finds that most of our fire mortality is due



A QUAINT CATALOGUE COVER.

to the swift and easy combustion of the ordinary wooden stair, which goes first and cuts off all means of escape. The present method of building the stair off all means of escape. The present method of building the stair resembles, he says, that in which a clever housemaid places kindling wood in the grate. The greatest draught seems to be scientifically allowed for. In Glasgow, where the stairs of most tenement houses are of stone, there is little or no fire mortality "from want of egress." Mr. Simpson, therefore, advocates reform in the direction of stone or iron staircases. The latter would be twice as expensive as wood, but he holds that the outlay would be recouped by a lower insurance The subject is well worth consideration on the part of the authorities, and I hope Mr. Simpson's able statement of the case will not fall to the ground.

What is a distracted editor to do with such conflicting opinions as the following—one from Yorkshire, the other from Canada? because, however, of these conflicting opinions that I publish Mr. Gilbert James's very interesting work. When I find that a picture excites strong dislikes and strong partisanship, I know that it must be good journalism to publish it.

Hampsthwaite, viâ Leeds,
Jan. 24, 1898.

To the Editor of The Sketch.
Sir,—How long—oh, how long?
I have been a constant reader of The Sketch for some years—I believe since its foundation, but I can stand those abominations of Gilbert James' no longer. I know many others of the same opinion, even amongst my small circle. It speaks well for the other attractions of The Sketch that it has survived the publication of such outrages on art. — Your obedient servant,
John T, Hislor.

Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, Jan. 28, 1898.
The Editor of The Sketch, London.
Dean Sketch,—After your lament in a recent issue as to the number and variety of inquiries that reach you, I may perhaps have somewhat of a nerve in asking you a question, but in this God-forsaken place it is hopeless to find out what I want, which is this: Where can I get, if at all, an edition of "Omar Khayyam" with the Gilbert James illustrations that came out in The Sketch some months ago? I have no hesitation in saying that I am a The Swetch some months ago? I have no hesitation in saying that I am a devoted admirer of Mr. James, all scoffers to the contrary notwithstanding.—Yours very truly,

CECIL P. L. FOWLER.

The secretary of Travel, for which journal Mr. John Foster Fraser is riding round the world on a bicycle, sends the following information concerning his latest movements in China—

Mr. John Foster Fraser has just ridden alone through the province of Hu-peh, the most anti-foreign part of China. At Kuan-yin-chao he was mobbed by an excited crowd. "The people," he says, "commenced hustling and calling me 'foreign devil." When one man caught my hind wheel and pulled the bicycle back, I turned round and struck him under the chin. Then I drove my machine right into the crowd and made them give way. As I went along the street, an old man standing at a shop-door gave me a kow-tow. I returned the greeting and went up. He asked me to sit down, and brought tea. Meanwhile, there was a tremendous throng shouting and gesticulating. I wanted to be friendly. So, taking off my hat, I put my hand to the back of my head and, assuming an air of astonishment, pretended I had lost my pigtail. In mock anger, I caught hold of the nearest Chinaman and said he must give me his pigtail, as someone had stolen mine. At this a wave of laughter passed over the mob, and all danger of personal injury passed away. That night I held quite a levée. I was presented

with eighteen cups of tea, and then, as a memento, one of the visitors stole my candle." At Shasi, the capital of the province, the mission-houses are periodically wrecked, and the British Consul had to live on board a junk, because it was impossible to secure a residence. Hardly a foreigner has ever entered the town without being assaulted. On the outskirts of the town Mr. Fraser was attacked and chased by a mob of about a hundred people, but he managed to outride them and to get safely to the British Consulate.

Americans when they first come over to this country can rarely quite tumble to the peculiarities of our English restaurants. A wealthy Yankee friend of mine, who was over here a little while ago, to complete the formation of an important limited liability company, thought it would be a good thing to invite all those concerned in London to luncheon one day. Accordingly, he went to the manager of one of the most celebrated of our fashionable restaurants, and, after engaging a private room, gave instructions that no expense should be spared to make the meal a gastronomical success, the only proviso being that he should select his own wines. Everything passed off splendidly until the eigar and coffee stage was reached, and the host asked that his bill might be brought to him. He assured me that he had never felt smaller in his life than when the head-waiter, in the hearing of the assembled company, approached him, and in a loud voice asked, "And how many breads have you had, sir?" "Just as though I had been busily engaged in counting up how many rolls my guests had eaten," was the pertinent remark my friend made on recounting the experience to me afterwards. Of course, in America no charge is made at all for bread. Why is the custom not generally introduced over here?

I remember the Playgoers' Club when it was supposed to represent the free and independent first-nighters in the front row of the pit. It has now grown into a dining-club of the first magnitude. Mr. Carl presided over a dinner at the Hotel Cecil, where there were some six hundred enthusiasts for the drama to welcome Sir Henry Irving. Sir Henry touched lightly on the vague suggestions which are made from time to time of a municipal theatre and an endowed conservatoire, and he bantered the people who attack the stage. point of his speech seemed to give rise to some misunderstanding. If there is one thing Sir Henry dislikes more than another, it is the pertinacity of the interviewer, who, as he said, is anxious to extract from the actor "tit-bits about his ox and his ass and everything that is his." There is undoubtedly a large public for this kind of information, and interviewers will always supply it when they can. Sir Henry has a perfect right to protest, and his attitude must not be construed as hostility to the newspapers. Mr. Bernard Shaw, responding for the Press, spoke with much humour and geniality about his position as a dramatic critic. defined himself as an agitator, inspired by Hyde Park, an explanation



FRONT OF THE MENU-CARD OF THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB. Designed by Harry Furniss.

which suggests that he does not wish to be judged literally by the vigour of his epithets. Hyde Park we all know as a delightful open space, where crotchets come up like the crocuses. Mr. Edward Rose proposed "The Visitors," and, in the absence of Mr. John Hare, the response was made by Mr. Edmund Routledge. An announcement has lately been made that the celebrated sapphire-blue diamond, known as the "Hope" diamond, is about to be sold by auction under an order of the Court of Chancery. Red and blue diamonds are very rare indeed. This celebrated stone was found in the River Coleroon, near the South-West Ghauts, and was brought to Europe by Baron Tavernier. He sold it with a number of others to Louis XIV. in 1668, and it became one of the Crown Jewels of France. Its weight in the rough was 112½ carats, but in cutting it was much reduced. During the stormy days of the French Revolution this diamond disappeared, along with many other treasures. The regalia was put under the charge of the Paris Commune and lodged in the Garde Meuble, whence, one night in 1792, the whole was stolen. The thieves were never discovered, but they appear to have felt some tardy remorse for their crime, and an anonymous letter was received by the Commune, stating that some of the stolen jewels would be found in a certain ditch. This proved true, and among the objects recovered was the famous "Pitt" or "Regent" diamond. The Tavernier diamond seems to have been broken by the thieves into three pieces, all of which reappeared after a considerable interval of obscurity. The largest fragment, weighing more than forty-four carats, and more than two-thirds of the original stone, ultimately found its way into the possession of Mr. H. T. Hope, from whom it received its present name.

The ball organised by Messrs. Dewar in the name of charity was a great success. Covent Garden Theatre was the best place to hold it in, for it is now equipped for these functions.

There are several points of resemblance between the Right Honourable George Nathaniel Curzon and the brilliant Mr. Waldershare, of whom Disraeli has left a highly coloured picture in "Endymion." Like Waldershare, Mr. Curzon is Under-Secretary of State for Foreign

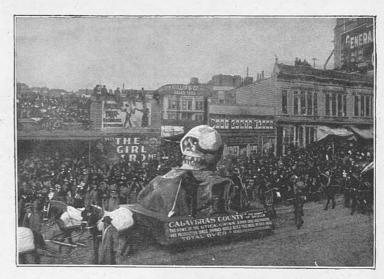


MESSRS. DEWAR'S FANCY-DRESS BALL.

Affairs, with his chief in the House of Lords. In that position the Disraelian Under-Secretary was "master of the situation." His office was "much the most important in the Government, and more important because it was not in the Cabinet." Mr. Waldershare told his friend, Lady Beaumaris, that he was going to make a collection of portraits of Under-Secretaries for Foreign Affairs whose chiefs had been in the House of Lords. "It would be a collection of the most eminent statesmen that England had ever produced." Mr. Curzon's portrait is worthy of a place in that collection. Whatever else he may not be, Lord Salisbury's Under-Secretary is undoubtedly brilliant. He is brilliant in his indiscretions, brilliant in his abilities. Amid mediocre, colourless men he stands out vivid and gorgeous. It is no wonder he has the air of one who thinks "All's right with the world." Success has shone upon his path from school to the Treasury Bench. Arrogant indiscretions that would burst another man's career serve only as a foil to his talents.

With superb self-confidence he possesses powers which are equally conspicuous. The other day, when a member asked Mr. Curzon a civil question, he coolly referred him to an answer that he gave last year. What would have been resented in a dull man was good-humouredly laughed at in the flashing Under-Secretary. Mr. Curzon has only one drawback: he is the eldest son of a peer, and, in the course of nature, he may be called to the Upper House without having reached, as he might aspire to reach, the Leadership of the House of Commons. In the Indian debate his speech was the most eloquent. For a few moments during his peroration one might have imagined that the days of stately Parliamentary oratory had returned. From the tall, handsome, erect man, with the unmistakable look of an English aristocrat, the swelling sentences rushed in a loud, confident, sonorous voice. The Secretary to the American Embassy, who heard the speech, must have carried a flattering account of it to Mrs. Curzon's friends from across the Atlantic. Mrs. Curzon is a sister of Mr. Leiter, whose gigantic "deals" in wheat recently amazed two continents.

San Francisco has been celebrating its Golden Jubilee. The adjective has, of course, a literal, and not a mere metaphorical meaning, so far as the town is concerned, for the discovery of gold in California was a great point in the history of the state. The occasion was celebrated by



A SKULL SHOWING THE GOLD OUTPUT OF CALIFORNIA SINCE 1880.

a great pageant, in which the survivors of the race of gallant fortune-hunters who had crossed oceans and continents to participate in the struggle for gold took part. Aged men, whose beards and hair the years have turned white, drove past in countless hacks. Here were a group of old fellows who had seen the first nugget; behind them, on a float, a representation of the mill whose site was the scene of the oft-sung discovery. Here, also, the antique house outside which the Stars and Stripes were hoisted at Monterey. One of the most interesting cars was the one I reproduce. It bore the legend—

Calaveras County. "The County of Skulls." The Home of the Utica G. Winn and other great gold-producers. The production since 1880 would build this skull of solid gold. Total, over 100,000,000.00 dollars.

It is somewhat curious that no reference has been made in the London papers to Mr. Munro-Ferguson's letter to Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, intimating that he will not seek re-election as treasurer of the Scottish Liberal Association. Mr. Munro-Ferguson and Mr. Robert Wallace visited their constituents in the Leith Burghs and East Edinburgh respectively immediately prior to the reassembling of Parliament. Both are candid friends and outspoken critics of the party to which they are attached, but while the Member for the Leith Burghs afforded a daily subject of comment in the editorial columns of the Edinburgh Evening Dispatch, neither the name of Mr. Wallace nor the subject of any of his addresses evoked adverse or favourable animadversion in that journal.

The Athletic Club of the *Illustrated London News* gave a smoking concert at the Talbot Restaurant in London Wall, where the prizes of the club were distributed by Mr. Clement Shorter, who was supported by Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Smallcorn, and other members of the staff. The evening was remarkable for the excellence of the music and the singing. The Hudson-Barber mandolinists were much applauded, and some of the songs were given in a style I have never known surpassed on the music-hall stage. But is it not well known that no amateur and few professionals ever sing like a printer? His remarkable sense of humour has never surprised me, for it springs from a knowledge of human nature which he acquires from the eccentricities of authors and journalists.



THE HUDSON-BARBER MANDOLINISTS.

by four walls, and in

little sunken fountain, from which all paths radiate. Seats abound in all sorts of delight-

ful corners, and a place more reposeful at all

seasons of the year it

would be difficult to

discover within, let us

say, the three-mile radius. Just now the

flower-beds of Ye Olde Garden are gay with

crocuses, snowdrops, primroses, polyanthuses, and other spring flowers, and a

month hence — given a continuance of the

present mild weather-

this well - sheltered nook will be a verit-

able bower of beauty. Next the old garden

in point of attractive-

ness in Brockwell Park

is, perhaps, the beauti-

centre is a pretty

In summer-time there is perhaps no more beautiful spot in the whole of London than "Ye Olde Garden" at Brockwell Park, Herne Hill, and even in winter—if the present amazingly mild season can be so called—when its many quaint arbours are leafless, there is about the place an old-fashioned charm that few, I think, can resist. The garden is enclosed

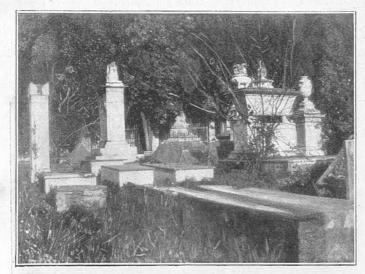
BRISTOWE MEMORIAL, BROCKWELL PARK.

Photo by Hartley Knight.

ful memorial to the late Mr. Thomas L. Bristowe, M.P., which will be found just inside the principal (Herne Hill) entrance.

Quite a flutter of excitement has gone through Sydenham and Norwood at the news that the Crystal Palace is, after all, to pass into other hands. Much has to be done before the scheme can become an accomplished fact, but I am told that the principals have great hopes of success. The idea is to reduce the capitalisation of the company from fifteen hundred to seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds, or even less, to spend a very large sum of money upon general improvements and the development of technical institutions, and last, but by means least, to come to arrangements with the railway companies by which a service of fairly fast trains from town may be secured. One thing is certain. Had the Palace been compelled to close its doors, or been shifted back to Hyde Park, as was suggested in these pages a week or so ago, the shrinkage in house-values in the immediate neighbourhood of Sydenham would have been enormous. It is, and has been since its erection, the main attraction of the South-side suburbs of London, and without it landlords would have reason to regret their investments. As things are, property may be yet more appreciated.

Leghorn itself is not a particularly interesting place. Although last century it was the Cannes of consumptive invalids, now it is little known except in connection with straw hats, which are really not made in



ENGLISH GRAVEYARD AT LEGHORN WHERE SMOLLETT LIES.

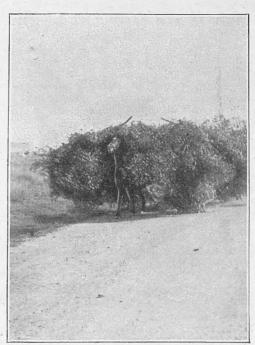
Photo by Mrs. Herbert Vivian.

Leghorn at all, but in a neighbouring town, just as Kidderminster carpets are nowadays quite unknown in Kidderminster. It possesses, though, some famous bronze statues of four Moors by Pietro Tacca, which are several hundred years old. They are grouped round the base of a statue of Ferdinand de Medici, who waged war against the Barbary corsairs, once the terror of the Mediterranean.

The modelling of the figures and the different expressions of the faces are considered very fine. Leghorn contains the oldest English church in Italy, and a large and picturesque graveyard, where Smollett, Francis Horner, and many other interesting people are buried. In it are tombstones dating

as far back as 1594.

In the North of Africa both animals and men are used to carrying the most prodigious weights. I have seen a man carry seven chairs, a Chesterfield sofa, a big table, and two small sideboards, all neatly dovetailed together, on his shoulders. A minute donkey will sometimes be laden with three great panniers of oranges, which one would think a heavy load for a horse, and have to carry, moreover, a big, fat Arab, who somehow manages to find room to sit between the panniers and the donkey's tail. The accompanying picture suggests Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, but is in



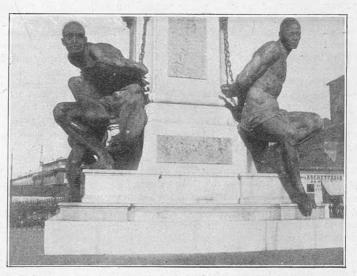
BIRNAM WOOD UP TO DATE.

Photo by Mrs. Herbert Vivian.

reality an Arab horse struggling along under a load of olive-branches. I have hitherto imagined that bearing olive-branches was the exclusive prerogative of doves; but surely the dove-cots of all Africa could hardly furnish carriers for such a load! The poor horse entirely disappears under it. One occasionally catches sight of a head, and that is all.

I note with deep regret the death of Mrs. Savile Clarke, widow of a well-known journalist and littérateur, who for many years wielded one of the lightest and deftest pens on the London Press. Mrs. Savile Clarke was an accomplished water-colour artist, and, at one time, a familiar exhibitor at the New Gallery and the old Grosvenor Gallery. Of her two surviving daughters, Miss Clara Savile Clarke is a clever writer of fiction, and a frequent contributor of short stories to The Sketch, and Miss Kittie Savile Clarke retains all the beauty and grace which charmed many admirers of the skirt-dance in the days when it was a fashionable diversion.

I hear that the Princess of Chimay, née Clara Ward, is still at Cairo, accompanied by the faithful Rigo, and that her beauty and charms have created a furore among the Beys and Pashas of that gay capital. However, she declares that she is tired of their flattery and homage, and has quite made up her mind to retire to a South Sea island. She will leave the Old World soon, never to return, so she says, for she has conceived a violent hatred of it and never wishes to see it again.



BRONZE STATUE OF THE MOORS AT LEGHORN.

Photo by Mrs. Herbert Vivian.

The latest freak is a young horse with six legs. This phenomenon was born some two months ago at a farm in Oran, a province of Algeria. Four of its legs are placed in the usual position, the other two are planted under the upper part of the right shoulder. Here is a chance for Barnum and Bailey. The bearded lady and the skeleton man will have to take a back seat.

A new use has of late years been discovered for the City of London. I do not claim that this use has done anything much to justify the continued existence of the City, but it does show that Londoners are at times very artful. The City on Sunday is now the happy hunting-ground of the cyclists and the boys on road-skates. They rush through the silent streets and through byways and alleys regularly blocked from Monday morning till Saturday afternoon by heavy vans that seem as everlasting as the figures that inspired Keats with his immortal ode. And yet, strangely enough, the City's Sunday silence is well preserved. Cyclists are too busy record-making to have time for a loud word, and though the boys on wheel-skates sometimes raise a whistle that positively secrebes the cars of the passer-by, the disturbance is but momentary and may not even avail to disturb the pigeons that work so hard to make the City interesting and fail so woefully in the attempt. I am compelled to admire the cunning of people who, knowing that the country will be made unpleasant by crowds from the City, go to the City and find silence, emptiness, and the most beautiful roads that the heart of man can desire for rapid locomotion.

The death of George Lovejoy, an old and respected servant of the late Mr. Spurgeon, has revived a characteristic remark of the distinguished Baptist at the expense of his faithful-attendant. Entering the presence of his master at Westwood- on one occasion, when Mr. Spurgeon was engaged in conversation with a visitor, the latter was somewhat startled by being asked, in a humorous aside, if he could tell how it was that the hair of George's head remained black while that of his beard had turned grey. Receiving no response, Spurgeon, turning to George, and with a merry twinkle in his eye, answered his own query thus: "Is it not, George, because you have used your brains much less than your jaw?"

Tom Burnham, whose photograph I reproduce, has been State Coachman to her Majesty for about three years. Before his elevation to



THE QUEEN'S STATE COACHMAN.

be charioteer of royalty, he had, of course, proved himself an accomplished whip, and belongs, indeed, to the band, neither inglorious nor so small as some people are tempted to think, who keep alive the art of the elder Weller, which we so persistently associate with the past. Mr. Burnham used to tool along the old Perseverance, which ran between London and Dorking. The portrait is by Mr. Ball, of Regent Street, who knows more, perhaps, than any man living about her Majesty's servants of every degree. His camera knows them too.

I have lately read in an American review a neat summing-up of Madame Melba's characteristics as a "star" vocalist. She is described as "Melba, the beautiful icicle, with notes as pearly as the teeth through which they filter

and swim." And M. Flos, the tenor who appeared as Faust to her Marguerite, is culogised as follows: "A Faust who looks like an athlete, sings like a scraph, and woos like a D'Artagnan."

Alas, poor Paul Capoul! His once overwhelming popularity availed him little when he arrived in Paris to compete for the directorship of the Opéra Comique, and he has been obliged to return again to his admirers in America. Talking of Capoul, I heard rather a funny tale about him the other day. It was when he was at the height of his popularity, when coats and hats, shoes and socks, were being named after him, and half the men in Paris wore their hair à la Capoul. The celebrated tenor was travelling in the provinces and went into a hairdresser's shop in a country town to have his hair cut. "What style would you like, sir?" said the man, as Capoul sat down. "Can't you see how I like it cut?" said the singer, puffing with self-importance. "À la Capoul, my good man; à la Capoul, of course." "Oh, indeed, sir?" returned the man; "but, if I might make so bold as to give you a word of advice, I should say, change it, sir. It may suit some people's faces, but it really isn't at all becoming to you."

Nowhere is sacred to the New Woman. She has cropped up now in China. Just imagine a Chinese woman actually daring to rebel and refusing to have her feet mutilated! She has done much more than this. She insists on being allowed to order her own house and wishes to have high schools opened for girls. Poor John Chinaman is in a terrible way, and thinks it so mean of his womankind to rebel just when the Mailed Fist and all the rest of Europe are lying in wait to pick his bones. He will have to give in, and soon we shall see the Chinese woman with her own theatre, and, in time, very likely her own Fronde too!

You must have seen a poster on all the hoardings representing a gentleman with a bare and muscular back which he is massaging with a peculiar chain. I have been experimenting with the Matto Chain, and can strongly recommend it for healthful exercise after the morning tub.



HOW SANDOW DEVELOPS HIS MUSCLES WITH A MATTO CHAIN.

You feel as if a fairy were gently cycling all over you, as if—well, I must restrain my cestasies, lest some melodious wag should turn them into a song like the popular ballad about Mr. George R. Sims and his favourite hair-wash!

Frenchmen have a great admiration for sport, but they are very slow in taking up things. Cricket is almost unknown; football is quite a recent institution in France, though they have taken to the game wonderfully. Tennis is very weird and strange when played by French people, except by those who have had the opportunity of seeing and

with a matter chain. Who have had the opportunity of seeing and being coached by good English players at the various bains de mer. Yachting is popular, especially at Cannes, and the yachtsmen's club there have just had a house-boat made for them. This is almost, if not quite, the first that has been seen in France, and has been creating quite a sensation. The Comtesse de Béarn, a well-known leader of fashion, has been so fascinated by it that she has just ordered a magnificent one to be made for her at Reading. When it is finished, a steam-launch is to tow it across the Channel and up the Seine, where the Comtesse intends to keep it.

An Italian contemporary has published some interesting statistics concerning the musical and dramatic output of the country during 1897. Seventy-three musical works were represented, including 27 operas in several acts and 11 in one act, 6 serio-comic or buffo pieces, 25 operettas, and 4 miscellaneous pieces. The dramatic total is much larger, amounting to 232 plays acted. Drama proper accounts for 73. There were 84 comedies, 11 bozzetti (sketches), and 9 miscellaneous pieces; while the numerous dialect plays comprised 29 comedies in Milanese, 13 in Piedmontese, 13 in Venetian, 8 in Neapolitan, and 2 in Bologuese.

The Gazzetta Letteraria for Jan. 29 contains the following editorial note: "This number, which is almost entirely consecrated to Emile Zola, is an echo of the acclamations of approval which are rising from every part of Italy for the great champion of truth and justice." The number further contains a laudatory article written at Palermo; another by a Milanese writer, entitled "A Giant"; a third, following out Giovanni Bovio's thesis that Zola is fighting against symbolism, and that men of his stamp represent not a nation, but humanity; and a sonnet by a Roman poet, comparing Zola with that striking personage in the "Inferno," Farinata degli Uberti. Farinata appears in the Tenth Canto being enclosed in one of the tombs in which the heretics are confined.

The proprietors of the North Typewriter, 53, Queen Victoria Street, send me one of their machines, which they claim to have certain very

special merits. Apart from the appeal that they make to one's patriotism by insisting that it is entirely made in England, they claim that, in addition to the universal keyboard, it has visible writing, which does not usually accompany that form of machine. The North Typewriter owes its name to the fact that the patent was taken up by the late Colonel North shortly before his death, and his son in law, Mr. Arthur Lockett, is understood to be interested in the new company. From my own experience as an



THE NORTH TYPEWRITER.

amateur typist, I must admit that I have enjoyed using the machine very much, and quite appreciate the very valuable present.

The Sculptor is the latest monthly magazine. It is devoted to the interests of the sculptor's art and is edited by Mr. Henry Rose, who is, I understand, in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons. Several of his colleagues are interested in art, probably as a result of the intense prose of Parliamentary work.

"A wandering minstrel I, a thing of shreds and patches," the charming snatch of song so familiar to all lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan opera, certainly applies to the roving musicians of Tunis even better than it did to our friend Nanki-poo of "The Mikado." Nowhere (writes a correspondent) have I seen such a

delicious variety of costume as in the streets of Tunis: exquisite jackets of turquoise - blue, nut - brown, pistachio-green, and topaz tints, worn by the town Arabs; creamy burnouses, with silky tassels and magnificent folds, emphasising the dignity of the lords of the desert; dazzling discords of every hue in the rainbow to heighten the charms of Jewesses beside whom a whip-ping-post were plethoric. But it is the ragged fraternity whose raiment is really most marvellous. You may see such masterpieces of patchwork that no man can tell where is the original material. The colours of the darns blend beautifully, and one would imagine that the labour expended on their creation might suffice to call whole wardrobes into existence. Nanki-poo may be met almost any evening in the coffee-houses of the Arab quarter, beaming a stern benevolence from his shiny face of Nubian ebony, and extorting the most deafening and barbaric strains from a combination of drum and zither which recalls the saucepans of primaval men. Far into the nights of Ramadan he plies his deft fingers, swaying his body to the tune of his tom-tom and losing himself in dreams of his halfforgotten Soudan.

Apropos Mr. W. H. Wilkins's letter to the papers with reference to the Burton manuscripts, it might be stated that an opportunity of examining the colligraphy of the

be stated that an opportunity of A TROUBAD examining the calligraphy of the distinguished Eastern traveller is furnished in the Peckham Public Library, where, besides many interesting Burton relics, there are examples of his penmanship in a letter to his father and various other papers.



A TROUBADOUR OF TUNIS.

Mrs. M. S. Allan, an inhabitant of the American town of Worcester, has rather boldly been termed "the world's champion cyclist." However this may be, her record of mileage during 1897 may fairly be called "phenomenal." In the preceding year Mrs. A. E. Minchart, of Denver, Colorado, had ridden 17,196 miles within the twelvemonth, and that fine achievement Mrs. Allen has

Colorado, had ridden 17,196 miles within the twelvemonth, and that fine achievement Mrs. Allen has surpassed by nearly 4000 miles, her total for 1897 amounting to 21,026 miles. Her longest ride for a single day was 153 miles; this was in the course of July. As regards months her highest figures were: September 2846, October 2717, and June 2676 miles respectively. Her husband, who has accompanied her on many of her expeditions, has also compiled the respectable score of 7758 miles. Mrs. Allen, I might add, rode the whole 21,026 miles on a single pair of tyres, which sustained only halfadozen punctures.

Feb. 23, 1898

One of the funniest County Court cases I have seen is that of the Gateshead miner who has got ten guineas damages (and costs) from a man who forcibly shore off his beard.

Miss Lillian Lee, who is at present appearing in the Drury Lane Pantomime, has one of those charming little personalities which admirably fit the daintier types of comedy characters, and it is in such parts as that played by Miss Ellaline Terriss in "A Pantomime Rehearsal"—which Miss Lee played throughout the provinces—that she is seen at her best. For some time she was a member of Mr. John Hare's company at the Garrick, where she acted as understudy and played small parts. But it is in the provinces that she won her chief successes, notably as the leading lady in that merry farcical comedy "Tom, Dick, and Harry." Miss

lady in that merry farcical comedy "Tom, Dick, and Harry." Miss Lee has now been about five years on the stage, and is a daughter of the well-known dramatic critic and author, Mr. Richard Lee.



MISS LILLIAN LEE, IN THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME, Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS IRENE DU FOYE, IN THE ISLINGTON PANTOMIME.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Paker Street, N W.

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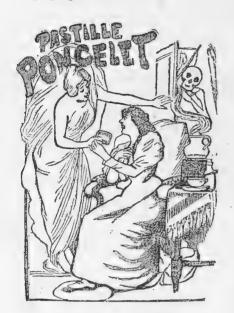


POSTER DESIGNED BY MR. ALBERT MORROW.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. DAVID ALLEN AND SONS, LIMITED.

STRANGE ADVERTISEMENTS.

If you want a really cheerful advertisement for a lozenge or a pill you must go to France for it. Besides, it is so encouraging to hear that, if your life is trembling in the balance, and the old man with the scythe is peeping in at the door, it has been conclusively proved that you



have merely to take a Pastille Poncelet and you will be cured in one night. To crown it all, the proprietor of these marvellous cough-drops adds, "The use of them will enable you to avoid every kind of disease and its consequences, as the extremely pretty picture above indicates." Well, there is certainly no accounting for tastes!

Here is another up-to-date advertisement of an English firm which is inserted boldly among the small talk of a well-known Paris daily—

Oh, these English! They really are the most peculiar folks. Nowadays they actually come to us to buy up our old false teeth! What an idea! However, if you do happen to possess any, send them off by post to Messrs. X. at Dieppe, and by return of post you will receive a cheque for the highest sum they can possibly pay. They will tell you their you, they will return you your teeth. At any rate, this is an experiment worth trying! Oh, these English!

The advertiser of last century was even more curious than now. His theme was not Cocoa, nor Soap, nor Extract of Beef. It was generally drapery and drugs, but now and then it was something much less substantial. For example, you will look often in the first page of the Daily Telegraph before you come across an announcement quite like this, which appeared in 1777—

HAUNTED HOUSES.

WHEREAS there are mansions and castles in England and Wales, which have for many years been uninhabited and are now falling to decay, by their being haunted and visited by evil spirits, or the spirits of those who for unknown reasons are rendered miserable even in the Grave, a Gentleman who has made the tour of Europe, of a particular turn of mind and deeply skilled in the abstruse and sacred science of Exorcism, hereby offers his assistance to any owner or proprietor of such premises, and undertakes to render the same free from the visitation of such spirits, be their cause what it may, and render them tenantable and useful to the proprietors. Letters addressed to the Rev. John Jones, No. 30, St. Martin's Lane, duly answered, and an interview given if required.

N.B.—Rooms rendered habitable in six days.

Mr. Myers must be tempted to regard the Rev. John Jones very much as historians look on the Spanish Bishop who burned all the Aztee writings. What opportunities for Psychical Research may not this reverend advertiser have demolished?

This is a curious variant on the ordinary Agony advertisement, always an entertaining class. It is dated 1778-

- intreats forgiveness of the most amiable of her sex for The M-q-s of — intreats forgiveness of the most anniable of her sex for that assiduity with which he has endeavoured to make himself acceptable. He sees (to his infinite regret) by her steady coolness and unaffected gravity, that his every attention is painful to her. The M-q-s, conscious that he has been so unfortunate as to have rendered himself troublesome, takes the liberty to assure the lady that she will never more be molested by him, either in her morning exercise or any evening amospherits. exercise or any evening amusements.

A very efficacious compound was "Goudge's Justly Famous Balsam of Life," of which we are told that—

Nothing can be more safe or better contrived, for such as belong to the Army and Navy, to take a bottle of it with them in their Pocket when they are going to Battle, inasmuch as it will be, through the Blessing of God, the means of saving the life of such as are wounded, by an immediate application of this Belgram.

A few years earlier, in the London Journal, is mention of "the true Sympathetick, which cures the Gout by being only carried in the pocket."

"To be disposed of, a Black Boy about 14 years of age," was not so

surprising a notice in 1760 as it would have been a century later. The following recalls some of the amenities of the apprenticeship system-

Strayed on Wednesday last, James Barton and Thomas Carr, two Chimneysweeping boys. Whoever employs them in any employment whatsoever will be prosecuted according to law; and if anyone will be so kind as to see them safe home to their Master, Charles Godfrey, near Shoreditch Church, shall have one Handful of Soot for their pains.

An ingenious tradesman of 1766 had an idea which seems to have fallen on stony soil-

TINTINNABULA.—Bells tuned to the various chords of Musick, to hang on the necks of sheep in Gentlemen's parks, near their country seats, which produce most agreeable rural harmony, by the maker, Robert Romley, bell founder, in Horseshoe Alley, Middle Moorfields, London.

SOME FOREIGN AUDIENCES.

IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

The finest theatres in San Francisco are the Alcazar, the Baldwin, the California, the Columbia, the Orpheum, Morosco's Opera House, the Tivoli Opera House, and the Grand Opera House, the last-named being capable of seating no less than three thousand persons. There are, of course, besides the regular theatres, low haunts, such as the notorious Midway Plaisaunce on Market Street, also the Chinese theatres in Chinatown.

The average San Francisco audience is very attentive, highly appreciative, extremely optimistic and enthusiastic, and most European artists who have appeared in Sacramento and San Francisco look back with pleasure upon the receptions which they received there. The last piece that I remember seeing played in San Francisco was our old friend "Charley's Aunt." She made her début at the California in 1895, and though not one in thirty of the audience had ever been in England, and probably none of them had seen the inside of an English University College, the play was immensely enjoyed and applauded. Indeed, nearly all American men and women have a strong sense of humour, so that every ridiculous situation and absurd remark in the play referred to evoked laughter almost as uproarious as they were wont to call forth over here. Comic opera also is steadily gaining in popularity in San Francisco, and I remember one night in '95 my neighbour in the Baldwin Theatre turning to me with the remark, "Guess you've not that song in London, anyhow." The song was called "Linger Longer Lucy"! Shaksperian plays are not greatly in vogue in Western America, though I once saw a Californian audience convulsed at the antics of the clowns in some Shaksperian tragedy. Certainly the average well-read American's knowledge of Shakspere and of English history is remarkable, though Californian audiences, as a rule, prefer plays that are neither too "deep" nor too intricate. Music is making rapid strides in San Francisco, and a famous singer, no matter of what nationality, can generally depend upon securing crowded houses provided he or she be judiciously advertised and "billed" by a competent advance-agent. Several well-known singers have lately been enthusiastically received in the Western States, and, as a proof of the American's increasing taste for good music, I may mention that in San Francisco alone in 1895 there were over thirty-five musical societies.

Persons who have not been in San Francisco during the last ten years often assert that its inhabitants are merely a shrewd, hard-headed, quick-witted, but uncultivated crowd devoted only to dollars and engrossed solely in business. This is not so. True, your rough-and-tumble "'Frisco boy" of to-day may still belong to the set referred to, but the educated and wealthy population whose homes are situated outside the city itself devote much time to music, to literature, and to the fine arts, and take keen interest in matters histrionic.

IN HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLES.

No theatre in Honolulu is worth writing about, but frequently in the evenings Hawaiians of high as well as of low degree may be seen hurrying along the picturesque coast-road leading from Honolulu to the lovely gardens of Waikiki, which lie beyond the racecourse. As I watched one of these great stampedes one night—it was the eve of Thanksgiving Day; that is, Nov. 27—an official programme of an official Hawaiian Government Band Concert, advertised to take place that very evening, was thrust into my hand, so then and there I hailed a passing vehicle

and hied me to the scene of dissipation. Overhead the stars were shining with extraordinary brilliancy in an absolutely cloudless sky, and from afar the subdued murmur of the famous Oahu surf was wafted gently through groves of palms and bananas and other tropical vegetation, until it fell soothingly upon our attentive ears. All around, at little tables, sat the audience, in an air filled with the sweet scent of fruits and flowers—scent with which, unfortunately, mingled whiffs of indifferent tobacco-snoke. Of a sudden all was hushed, and a moment later the strains of Suppé's "Festival floated on the cool night breeze. Nobody spoke, for your genial, easy-going Hawaiian is nothing if not musical. Evidently the overture gave satisfaction, but I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which a simple march by Freitas was greeted, a march aptly named "Maunalua." The audience almost quivered with pleasure as they " Maunalua." heard it, and when it was ended even the bandsmen laughed. then, everybody laughs in the Sandwich Isles, and the sound of music and sight of dancing seem to quicken the natives' blood, though, on the other hand, stage-plays afford them scant pleasure. More light-hearted audiences than one sees in the islands, especially in Honolulu, it would be hard to find anywhere, for merriment forms a striking trait in the character of the pure-bred Hawaiian; and, after all, who but a misanthrope could feel sorrowful in such a climate and in the centre of scenery so exquisite? Why, the very lepers on Molokai smile as they bask in the sun. The programme of music performed upon the occasion to which I now more especially refer was not a long one. Moreover, it was light in tone and immensely appreciated. The "Hawaii Ponoy," with which it ended, fairly brought down the "house," and even the passengers who had come ashore from Australian and American vessels then lying at anchor in the harbour seemed imbued for the rest of the night with a frolicsome humour, despite the vigorous onslaughts made upon them at frequent intervals by the persistent and ubiquitous mosquito. Now that the islands are attracting so much attention, we shall probably soon hear of theatres and music-halls being creeted there.—B. To



MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON IN "DANDY DAN," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

ROOKS AND THEIR NESTS.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Great Berkhampstead.

Rooks have made themselves famous all the world over for their solemnity. Watch them as they sail steadily over the land: their flight is staid and precise, as befits a bird with such responsibilities, for

have not rooks their work to do and their appointed place to keep? Again, your rook seldom does without anything first consulting the brethren, else why do they travel in companies, and why on occasion do they (coming from all of the quarters compass) assemble in their thousands and settle in some field until the land is black with them, and there, with a mighty cawing, hold what the countryman calls a "Rooks' Parliament"? What it Parliais all about no man can tell. Some time ago, I was walking with a farmer, when he remarked that in the fine row of trees beneath which we were passing there used to be one of the largest rookeries for miles around,



but that the whole colony deserted a few years previous, and built their nests in isolated trees at a distance from but within sight of the old rookery. This was most remarkable. Here was their ancestral abode, which they had occupied from generation to generation, and one would have supposed, knowing the habits of the birds, that they would have perished rather than leave it; but the ways of rooks are inscrutable. Here I was shown some nests built in slender but lofty trees, which swayed and shook with every

breeze, while close at hand was a substantial elm, whose branches would have sheltered a whole rookery, but not a bird had built in it. Again, a cluster of mere saplings, some fifteen feet in height, was laden with huge nests.

The rooks in this locality begin building operations about the end of February, but it takes them several weeks to settle down, for there are some rare fights and squabbles over the various nests; each bird seems bent on seizing the nest that will give him the least trouble to repair,

and there is constant thieving of sticks from a neighbour's nest. From early dawn to nightfall their noisy clatter is unceasing, as, when once a pair have selected an old nest or built a new one, they mount guard in turn to prevent the pillage. So the trees are never vacated, unless a stranger approaches or a gun is fired. Ireland the rooks, owing to the lack of trees, build in low bushes by the wayside.

Rooks appear to be fond of human society, inasmuch as they generally select the neighbourhood of a dwelling-house for their colony, or even the centre of a town or village. There is such a rookery at Aylesbury, and

all day long the birds may be seen coming and going. Possibly the rookery is older than the town. They will also, if unmolested, follow close in the wake of the ploughman, searching assiduously for wireworms and grubs. He must be a good shot who can bring down a rook from some of the lofty trees which they frequent. It is amusing to watch the effect of the first volley from the guns. All the old birds take to flight, and in everwidening circles rise in the air until they become mere specks in the sky.







A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE CUTTING OF HÉLÈNE'S HAIR.

BY E. H. COOPER.

A woman with stolid, square face was cutting a child's hair. No dainty finicking task was hers, with a hair to be shortened in one place, and a curl to be delicately thinned in another, but an affair of huge scissors and massive crunching snips, under which the long brown locks, soft and bright and iridescent as the hair of all little Parisiennes, fell in desolate showers. Two big tears hung in the little victim's eyes, like bubbles on frothed water, and now and again her body writhed and her shoulders rose with the movements of a noiseless sob. The woman worked in sullen silence, with an occasional hostile glance at someone sitting on a table near by—someone with a face oddly like her own, and yet supremely and exquisitely lovely, so lovely that no paint or powder, enamel, hair-dye, pencil-marks, or cosmetics of any kind could disguise its beauty. Nature had fashioned two rough blocks in the same mould and left one unfinished, and used all her finest art to perfect the other. Mdlle. Yvonne de Carèlethat was the name by which the young lady danced at the Folies-Bergère, and gave supper-parties at her flat in the Avenue Wagram—was a very good judge of beauty, and, as she sat here smoking a cigarette and swinging her feet, she was entirely satisfied with herself. A gleam of laughter flashed into her face occasionally as she noted Suzanne's displeased eyes wandering over the costly perfection of her dress, whose gay spring colouring was like a nebula of light in the darkly and dully furnished bedroom. There was no sound in the room except that made by the destroying scissors, but through the open window came at intervals the voice of a quarrelling concierge, the whistle of a passing boy, or the patter of a cab as it turned the corner, grinding against the pavement and colliding, as is the manner of its kind in Paris, with a lamp-post, passenger, or any other available obstacle.

Yvonne's thoughts seemed at last to drift slowly away from herself and to realise her sister's occupation. "What are you doing that for?"

she asked.

"It is a regulation of the Legion of Honour School. Hélène is going there to-morrow."

"What rubbish! Do you want it cut off, chérie?"

"No, Madame," said the child, with the echo of sobs in her voice,
"but my hair has to be kept short till my first communion. For two years more-

At the word "Madame," a sudden look of fury blazed in Yvonne de Carèle's hard eyes. "Who said that the baby might be sent to school?"

she asked, turning to her sister.

"I did," was the curt response.

"You—you? But it seems to me, my dear, that——"

"Go, Hélène"—the elder woman put down her seissors and pushed the child towards the door—"go and wait in the dressing-room till I call you. Now," she went on, coming and standing in front of Yvonne, "what does this mean?"

Yvonne shrugged her shoulders. "A whim," she said.
"I will tolerate no such whims. I took the child after your divorce with an understanding that you would neither see her nor speak to her again. Otherwise, as you know, M. Garnay would have sent her to his own family. You have let her alone for five years, and now twice in one week you have been here and talked to her and pretended to assert some authority. I won't have it. She has forgotten you entirely, as you see."
"Yes?"

"Of course. Is it likely that a child who is taken away when she is four years old, and then never sees you for five years, will remember anything? reminded." I don't mean her to remember. I don't mean her to be

Mdlle. de Carèle laughed and relit her eigarette, which had gone out.

"Calm yourself," she said. "I do assure you I care nothing whatever about the little animal, and I'm not going to have a scene or reveal myself—though, if I did, I would do it much better than Jeanne Delmy in 'La Divorcée.' She's a perfect stick in that scene with her son. If I had a part like that, I would have all Paris in hysterics. Have you seen her?"

"No. You seem to have been considering the part . . ." Suzanne

looked at her sister with vexation and mistrust.

"Considering it? Bah! I went to see Jeanne twice, so that I might abuse her acting. We do not love one another. She came into my dressing-room at the Folies with Maurice some weeks ago, and looked round her in her was in the Macana and how weeks ago, and the state of the state true that she was going to Moscow, and how much she was to get there. She told me 'yes,' and that Echer had promised her twelve thousand france a week. I told her that I had made nearly thirty thousand frances a week all the time I was there, and she lifted her ugly little nose in the Polite, wasn't it? But, then, she owes me a bad turn or two for what I did to her at Nice last February. Did I ever tell you about the Carnival Ball there?"

"No; what was that?"

Strangely enough, instead of being horrified by her sister's talk, Suzanne appeared to be relieved at the direction in which the conversation had turned. Perhaps Yvonne knew this. Maybe the

direction, and Suzanne's consequent relief, were not so much a matter

of chance as might appear.
"Jeanne came down to Nice and announced everywhere that she had got a dress for the Carnival Ball which was going to be the talk of all Carnivals for the rest of the century. Well, I spent a little money and found out what the dress was. Then I went to Paquin and ordered one exactly like it, stitch for stitch."

"That wasn't very clever—to wear exactly the same."

"I wear it?... Your imagination is so weak, my poor Suzanne. I dressed my maid in it, got another dress for myself which was the most lovely thing you ever saw, and then went to the ball with my maid, and told Druloff and Camille and Philippe and the others to go about pretending to mistake Jeanne for my maid and my maid for Jeanne.

was splendid; Jeanne only stayed an hour, and was out of her mind with rage."

"Yes, that was clever." The woman moved slowly to the window, and stood there looking out with the set, cold lips and rigid mien of one who is on guard—of one who spends her life in guard and is never to be taken by surprise on any conceivable occasion by man or woman. She stood now in impassive silence, while minute after minute passed. Yvonne flung her cigarette into the fireplace, stretched herself with

affected boredom, and glanced impatiently at her sister.

"Why don't you fetch that creature back and finish her hair?" she asked at last.

"You won't talk any more nonsense before her?"
"Is it likely? Don't be silly."
Hélène had been standing in front of the looking-glass contemplating the havoc wrought by the dreadful scissors, and tears were dropping one by one on to her clasped hands. She came back into the room, with a shy, quick glance of her wet eyes at the brilliantly dressed stranger sitting there, and the small trembling lips half-opened to speak to her. From the fact of this visitor having appeared twice since her departure for school had been announced, Helène connected her with the school, and wondered whether an appeal to her would save the remnant of her hair. She had not paid any particular attention to the previous conversation. But such an appeal was beyond her courage. The cutting proceeded in silence for a few moments longer, and then Yvonne got off the table.

"Give me the scissors," she said.
Suzanne worked on without look or speech.
"Give me those scissors," said the other impatiently. "You don't know how to do it in the least. You are making a ridiculous mess of it. I only want to cut that bit straight," and, fearful of a scene, Suzanne surrendered the scissors.

Mdlle. de Carèle apparently did not want to do much. She snipped a bit off here and there in desultory fashion, and, while she was doing it, the child felt a hand touching her neck with odd thrilling touches; the hand was pressed softly over her cheek and forehead, stroking them; once the fingers touched her lips, and, because they seemed to be resting there expecting something, Hélène kissed them quietly. Then the hair-cutting was resumed for a moment.

"Can't the poor little cat have a handkerchief to dry her eyes?" asked Mdlle. de Carèle at last. "Oh, never mind, I have one." A bit of soft scented lace touched Hélène's eyes, and she looked up with shy gratitude—such a look of wild love and longing and pain was in the pretty face bending down over hers as almost frightened the child into an exclamation.

The door-bell rang

"Visitors," said Yvonne lightly. "I'll take myself off if it is anyone who matters. You might go and see, Suzanne, while I finish up this job."

The door closed, and Yvonne stood for a whole minute in silence with a hand on the child's head. She was apparently debating something, but, before she had had time to come to any decision, Suzanne returned.

"It is Madame Belvalette," she said, in an uncomfortable voice, and

then stopped.
"You want to get rid of me. All right. I'm off." Yvonne made a movement towards the door, and Suzanne, in her eagerness to be free of her sister, hastened out of the room to open the front door. The

of her sister, hastened out of the room to open the front door. The other turned hurriedly back to Hélène.

"You are allowed to take money to school—or, at any rate, to buy yourself some toys or something?" she asked in a whisper.

Hélène smiled and nodded. If the vagaries of this eccentric visitor were going to take the form of five-franc pieces, she was quite content. Some coins were stuffed into the little hand, and Hélène stole a look at the properties of the properties of the stole and the stole them in order that her thanks might be adequate. A small pile of gold louis lay there.
"Oh, Madame-

"Don't say that to me—Hush! don't be frightened. Kiss me, and say 'Good-bye, mother.'"

The child did as she was told, with wide, wondering eyes.

"Don't tell anyone. Kiss me again. You won't tell?"

"Oh no; but-

Suzanne came back into the room. "What are you doing?" she asked sharply.

"Only giving the child something to buy a doll and a box of

chocolates to console her for the hair-cutting. Let her spend it-just

this once. I'll stop here arguing till you promise."

"Very well," said the sister, not caring to conceal her fear at this threat. "But, indeed," she added as the two left the room, "this will be the last time you come here or see Hélène anywhere. I will run no

risks of old Madame Garnay finding out anything. She would come here and take the child away an hour afterwards."

"Be easy, my good Suzanne. I shall have forgotten the creature's existence by this evening. Good-bye."

Yvonne de Carèle got into the smart victoria which was waiting in the courtyard, and drove home. Scores of people turned to look at the superb chestnuts and the famous Parisian beauty as they passed up the Champs Elysées, where a spring wind was rustling the new-born leaves, and the May evening sunset was mocking the gas-lamps of the Ambassadeurs and Alcazar d'Eté, and little children were bowling hoops and whipping tops, and running races, to the confusion and fury of the passers-by. Arrived at her flat, she began to dress for dinner, without summoning her maid. She was in a strange mood, was Yvonne, this evening, for, heedless of the trouble which it would give her later on, she washed the paint and powder from her face, and, taking off her morning-dress, stood in front of the looking-glass staring at herself, while her fingers straked a long look of brown heir which she hed taken while her fingers stroked a long lock of brown hair which she had taken from her pocket. Suddenly she stretched out her arms as if to draw someone to her, then shook herself angrily and laughed, and rang the bell for her maid. The jeunesse dorée of Paris were her humble servants, ready to pour the contents of half the Rue de la Paix diamond-shops into her little flat and cheer themselves hoarse over her bad dancing; she was going to a dinner where everyone had come to meet her, and where food and wine would be perfect. She had money, jewels, horses, youth, and beauty, and for a moment the picture of it all was like a picture of hell because her child, whom she had seen twice in the past five years, had not known her, and had called her "Madame."

Yvonne drove to Cubat's an hour later and joined a noisy dinner-party there. But nothing was right; the soup was cold, the fish had too much butter in it; there was garlie, she said, in one of the *entrées*. "Give me some Pommery to take the taste of the horrible stuff out of my mouth," she shouted angrily.

"Garlic! Nonsense!" said the young host contemptuously. "You've

"Garlic! Nonsense!" said the young host contemptuously. "You've got a taste of something nasty in your mouth which has nothing to do with this dinner. What's the matter?"

"I daresay you 're right," said Yvonne, with a boisterous laugh.

"Is it bills?" asked another guest sympathetically.

"Oh no! I've been listening to brats talking nursery nonsense all the afternoon. I feel as if I'd been washing babies at a crèche. Order that Pommery quick. It will be my turn at the Folies in an hour, and if I don't forget that sickly child-chatter before I come on, I shan't be able to dance a step."



MISS AMY FARRELL AS ALADDIN, AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN, Photo by D'Arcy, Dublin.

M. SARDOU'S NEW PLAY, "PAMELA."

The various reports on the first production in Paris of M. Sardou's dramatic comedy "Pamela, Dealer in Nicknacks," lengthy and elaborate as they were, did not contain, however, certain interesting



SARDOU JUNIOR, SARDOU SENIOR, AND M. GALDEMAR.

particulars about the story of the play, which deals with the legend of the Dauphin's escape from the Temple after the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The heroine is not altogether a fictitious creation. Pamela was, indeed, a well-known florist in Paris towards the close of the last century, and, according to contemporary evidence, one of the most attractive, quick-witted, and intriguing women among the many who played a secondary part in the momentous events of the time. Her shop stood in the Rue de Richelieu, then known as the Rue de la Loi, and was ornamented with a tricolour signboard, bearing the inscription, "A l'Echarpe d'Iris."

Many society beauties of the Directoire period seem to have regularly frequented Pamela's shop, among others Josephine de Beauharnais, Madame Tallien, and Mrs. Atkins, a wealthy English lady, who had formerly attempted to save Marie Antoinette from the scaffold, and whom M. Sardou, now treading in the fields of romance, supposes to be engaged in a plot to secure the escape of the unfortunate Dauphin, Louis XVII., from the Temple Prison. How the aristocratic customers of Panela prevail upon her to join in the Royalist conspiracy, how the ever-amorous Barras is, in his turn, beguiled by the fair florist and finally outwitted by her, are subjects that have been fully described elsewhere.

One thing, however, about the new piece at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, to which general publicity has not been given, is that the idea of writing the first part of the play was suggested to M. Sardou on reading a passage of the Memoirs of Barras, referring to a curious incident that took place in the year 1795 between Barras himself, Bonaparte, then a poor and unknown officer, and Mdlle. Montansier, the celebrated actress. This incident, which has been depicted on the stage by M. Sardou in a masterly manner, is one of the many opportunities which the veteran dramatist has availed himself of throughout the play for displaying his unequalled and wonderful knowledge of scenic effects. There are many points in the story of the unhappy Prince which suggest doubts as to his death, but they lack, as a rule, historical confirmation.

London playgoers who have already appreciated Réjane's delightful impersonation of Madame Sans-Gêne will certainly not miss the opportunity of seeing her in "Pamela," should the popular and gifted Parisian actress decide to pay us a visit in June next, as is likely to

The photographic group reproduced here was taken only a few days ago in Paris, at M. Sardou's apartment, 28, Rue de Madrid. The author of "Pamela" is represented reading the Gaulois, while on the left stands his eldest son, M. Pierre Sardou, a promising young student at the French School of Fine Arts, and on the right M. Ange Galdemar, the well-known Parisian journalist and an intimate friend of the dramatist.

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NISQUALLY GLACIER AND CRATER PEAK.



COWLITZ GLACIER, GIBRALTAR ROCK, AND THE CRATER. PHOTOGRAPHS BY CURTIS, SEATTLE, U.S.A.

When we arrived again at Gibraltar we found that a rock-slide had occurred during our absence, and had carried away the path that we had beaten out. It was necessary to repair this to some extent before we could proceed. After considerable delay, all got safely past the awkward spot. When we reached the great rock-strewn area above Camp Muir, the descent became very tiresome, as it was too dusk to see clearly where one was stepping, and the chances of falling forward on to one's nose or of wrenching an ankle were considerable. On reaching Camp Muir, most of us, having our sleeping-bags or blankets there, decided to stay for the night. I did so without hesitation, and tried to dissuade others from going down any further. But visions of hot soup proved too alluring for some of the party, and they started out. One group consisted of Miss Ella McBride, of Portland, Professor McClure, and Dr. Connell. They got along all right until they were within a mile or so of Paradise

above Gibraltar. We hoped that they would be wise and would stay at Camp Muir for the night; and, at about eleven o'clock, seeing and hearing no one, we came to the conclusion that they had done so, and turned into our tents. At about midnight I was aroused by a call for volunteers for a rescue-party. Donning my clothes, which I had placed in readiness for such a call, I went outside and learned that two Portland men, Messrs. Walter Rogers and H. C. Ainslie, had tried to come down from Camp Muir at night, just as Professor McClure and his companions had done, and had got upon the same dangerous snow-slope; they slid down it until stopped by a crevasse, into which both fell. By extraordinarily good luck, Ainslie fell into a shallow part of the crevasse, and, by letting his pack fall from his shoulders, and cutting foot-holes with his knife, he managed to scramble out. Then he crept along on his hands and knees until he dared to walk, and slowly and with



THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY. -ERNST LAMBERT.

Park, with its bright camp-fire. Professor McClure went a little ahead to reconnoitre, and, as he was telling his companions not to follow, slipped down a steep slope covered with a glare of frozen snow, and fell headforemost down and down until he dashed against a pile of rocks with such momentum that his body bounded from thirty to forty feet before stopping. His companions, bewildered and frightened, went back a little distance, and spent the weary hours—it was then between eleven and twelve at night—till daylight on a pile of rocks. At about two in the morning two men came up from Paradise Park, and later a search-party, headed by Dr. Nunn, found poor McClure's body.

party, headed by Dr. Nunn, found poor McClure's body.

To return to the eight left behind on the summit. They spent the night in the crater, sheltered by the canopy of ice hollowed out by the jets of steam which still issue from the mountain-top. At night they burned red fire, the light of which was visible for many miles round, and next day they tried to fly kites; but without success. During the afternoon after reaching Paradise Park we watched with glasses the crest of the mountain, and could see the party of eight descending the ice-fields

great caution, for he had no alpenstock, he made his way into camp, and described as well as he could the situation of the crevasse. Equipped with lanterns, life-lines, and restoratives, eight of us set out. After we had been out about an hour and a-half, we heard a faint reply, and traced it to a crevasse; on lowering a light into it we saw our man, tightly wedged some twenty or twenty-five feet down. After some failures, we got a rope round one of his arms and hauled him out, already somewhat delirious, but overjoyed at his rescue.

After this we stayed three days longer in camp, making excursions to various points of beauty and interest each day, and then journeyed back through Longmire Springs, Kernahan's, and Eatonville to Tacoma. Thus ended a most agreeable and successful mountaineering trip, filled with interesting and exciting incidents, enlivened by pleasant acquaintanceships, inspired by magnificent scenery, and saddened by but one fatal mishap. I had stood on the summit of the highest mountain in the United States of America, 15,532 feet above sea-level, and had become eligible for enrolment in the Society of the Mazamas, or Mountain-goats.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

MASTER HUMPHREY PLOWDEN.

Painted by Miss W. H. Thomson

Miss Winifred Hope Thomson, who is having such a remarkable success with her miniatures, has exhibited this year at the Salon in Paris, at the Academy, and at the Society of Miniaturists, to which she has just been elected a member. It will be seen from the accompanying illustrations that the principal charm of her work is simplicity and an illustration of the loboured state which are forced to be successful. avoidance of the laboured style, which so often only produces the effect of a coloured photograph. Miss Thomson studied at

of a coloured photograph. Miss Inomson studied at the South Kensington School of Art, and, after being there nine months, took the Princess of Wales's prize, the silver medal, and the gold medal, which is prize, the silver medal, and the gold medal, which is competed for by all the students of every Government art school in Great Britain. Miss Thomson then went to Paris to study under the celebrated painters Henner and Carolus Duran. Her portraits in oil of Lady Jeune, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and Mr. Thomas Hardy, which were exhibited at the Academy and New Gallery, show the French influence; but the miniatures are purely English in style, and remind one a good deal more of Cosway's methods than of the foreign school.

Miss Pamela Plowden is one of the beauties of London Society, and, although her father is now holding a high official position in India, she is very oftenin London or in the country, where she frequently stays with the Duchess of Portland and Lady Granby and other all more or less artistic friends. very picturesque and charming in many ways, reminding people of her lovely mother, Mrs. Trevor Plowden, who had a great vogue in Society some years ago.

The name of Plowden is connected chiefly with India; but Mr. Plowden,

the magistrate, is better known in England, and the miniature of his little son has been much praised. Mrs. Ambrose Ralli, the subject of one portrait, has been much admired in Society, although lately she has been but little seen about on account of her husband's death, which happened about a year ago.

In Italy many of the impoverished nobility are at their wits' end how to procure money, and some of them have found it a profitable business to dispose of the painted ceilings as well as the frescoes of their palaces. As may be imagined, it is rather ticklish work removing them, as they are likely to crack unless handled with the utmost care, and special workmen must be employed, who, after detaching them, transfer them to canvas. When all this is done there comes the difficulty of how they are to be smuggled away to their new home in Chicago, New York, or elsewhere, for there is a strict law in Italy prohibiting the export of ancient works of art. This is how they go to work. Before removing the painting from the ceiling, they cut it with the sharpest knife imaginable into small numbered sections like a chess-board. These squares are jumbled together and made up into various parcels, none of which, if fitted together, would form a connected design. They are then sent some to Rome, some to Milan, others to Naples, to be submitted to judges appointed by the Government, who decide whether they may leave the country. These judges see in them only fragments of no particular



MRS. AMBROSE RALLI. Painted by Miss W. H. Thomson

interest, and offer no objection to their leaving the country. When they arrive at their destination they are easily pieced together by means of their numbers, and joined so adroitly that it is almost impossible to see they have ever been separated.

The art of mezzotint engraving is one which, in these days of bustle and scurry, when the prob-lems of over-population have so far only been responded to by a keener struggle in competition, has been permitted to fall somewhat behindhand in the race for approbation. Seeing that mezzotint concerns itself, for a variety of reasons, chiefly with the art of reproduction, and that its methods are almost painfully slow, it is inevitable that, in the day of the

triumph of the illustrated paper, a quicker mode of reproduction has become desirable, and, as artists are few and the public is many, the world has naturally reached a period of economy in which, the faster any work is produced, the more remunerative it is likely to be.

Nevertheless, there happen to be some more patient and more resolute workers, who, standing a little apart from the rush and scramble, do retain a belief in this art, and, working by its means towards an ideal of

their own, are doing all in their power to maintain the dignity and beauty of a noble artistic medium. At the Goupil Gallery, at the present moment, some two-score engravers in mezzotint exhibit about a hundred and twenty-five specimens of their careful and conscientious work, and challenge, as it were, by that work the more purely modern and more purely mechanical reproductive methods of to-day. Mr. Frederic Wedmore, who has written an admirable little note

upon the whole matter, asks if he dare remind the visitor to this gallery that the art of mezzotint is an art as "specially English as that of water-colour painting." He points out, significantly enough, that Albrecht Dürer and Adrian van Ostade drew in watercolour generations before the days of Sandby, Cozens, or Girtin, and Ludwig von Siegen invented mezzotint a century before its most superb practice by the contemporaries and translators of Sir Joshua. But in the one art as much as in the other it is English artists who have above all things excelled. We have had our line-engravers in more than one period of the past, we have our original etchers, but our engravers in mezzotint have been with us, in long succession, during two centuries.

Mr. Wedmore reminds readers that, in the past, mezzotint has been employed for the rendering of every manner of painter's theme. The younger l'aber certainly reproduced in this medium, working, during the first half of the eighteenth century, between four

and five hundred portraits. Among others were McArdell, Earlom (who "translated" Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode"), John Russell Smith, and Valentine Green, who carried the grand tradition of portraits in mezzotint down to the end of the century. At this point landscape began to intrude itself, and to prove its capacities of reproduction in this medium at the hands of genuine masters. Mezzotint united to etching was chosen by Turner for the manufacture of the plates of his masterly "Liber Studiorum," and, still later, we have David Lucas, who, by mezzotint alone, contrived, "under Constable's direction, to secure for his little copper-plates, wrought so broadly, no small share of the charm of the landscape-painter." Then we have Reynolds and Samuel Cousins, who brought the art to what was probably its summit of popularity.

So we reach a generation that still has representatives of engravers in mezzotint among us, Mr. Charles Tomkins and Mr. Stacpoole, and from them one steps down to the modern school, whose work for the most part is here exhibited at Goupil's. In examining that work there are, of course, always two points of view from which to regard it—first, the original picture of which it is a reproduction; second, the engraver's own personal success in his labours. On the whole, from the first point of view, the show is a trifle disappointing. The pictures chosen are, for the most part, not of the highest order of merit; it would be perhaps invidious to pick out the names of various painters in this connection, but certainly the level is not an extraordinarily high one. On the other hand, the actual handiwork of the engravers reaches an average of really great merit. Many of the plates are exceedingly beautiful in tone, texture, and fidelity.

Among one or two of these mezzotints that may be menmezzotints that may be mentioned there is, for example, Mr. Frank Short's "Hingham, Norfolk," after Old Cromer, a little plate that is quite fascinating in its peculiar depth of tone and in its amazingly successful lighting. The sunshine is there, brilliant and true. Mr. R. S. Clouston, M.E., has also some altogether satisfactory work here, "Love satisfactory work here, "Love and Life," after Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.—in which, however, per-haps a little of Mr. Watts's peculiarly characteristic surface is missed—and the beautiful "Viscountess Crosbie," after Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which the engraver has with marvellous



MISS PAMELA PLOWDEN. Painted by Miss W. H Tho

versatility caught the exact spirit of the thing, its vitality, and its wonderful grace. Mr. F. Miller's "Beata Beatrix," after Rossetti, is also exceedingly clever, and the work of Mr. Gerald Robinson, Mr. Clausen, Mr. Stacpoole, Professor Herkomer, and others deserves to be carefully examined. The only inferiority of a patent kind that can attach to the modern engravers as compared with their predecessors is that they have not been careful enough to select masterpieces for their industry.

"THE MAYFLOWER."

Photographs by Byron, New York.



MR. JAMES HACKETT.



MISS MARY MANNERING.



MISS MARY MANNERING AND HER HUSBAND (MR. HACKETT) IN "THE MAYFLOWER."

THE ROMANCE OF MARY MANNERING.

Apropos of "The Mayflower"—
illustrated on the opposite page—it
may be noted that New York was
surprised at the end of January to
learn that Miss Mary Mannering, the
heroine, had so far back as the
previous May 3 married Mr. James
K. Hackett, the hero. Playgoers
have not, however, been favoured
with the reasons of this reticence (a
rare quality among players). Since
the marriage the bridegroom has
had a serious illness, while Miss
Mannering has increased her reputation by appearing as Fay Zuliani in
"The Princess and the Butterfly"
(in New York), to the Princess of
Miss Julie Opp, the beautiful actress
who, following Miss Mannering's
example, suddenly (and quietly)
married Mr. Robert Loraine, of the
St. James's Theatre. It is curious
that an American should come to
England for a husband, while the
English girl should go to America
for a mate, for Miss Mannering is
quite English. Under the name of
Miss Florence Friend she won considerable repute in the English
provinces in Hermann Vezin's and
other companies, and more particularly in Miss Winifred Emery's part
of Rosamund in "Sowing the Wind."
Mr. Frohman saw her act, and
engaged her on the spot to become
his leading lady in New York—
which should encourage players who
have perforce to keep to the provinces. Miss Mannering is only oneand-twenty. Her husband, Mr. Hackett, is just over eight-and-twenty.
Like Miss Julie Opp's husband, he is the son of a well-known actor.



MISS MARY MANNERING.

Photo by Thors, San Francisco.

A "SANCTUARY" FOR BIRDS.

Some little time ago the Guildford Natural History Society got up a petition praying Lord Lansdowne to make Wolmer Forest a "sanctuary" in the interests of preservation of wild birds, the forest being Govern-ment property, and preserved in respect of what little game it contains by the Officers' Shooting Association of Aldershot. Mr. Thomas Whitburn, President of the Guildford Natural History Society, has received Lord Lansdowne's answer, which is practically contained in a letter from Captain Cowie, R.E., hon. secretary of the Officers' Shooting Association. The contents of this letter are both instructive and interesting; they show that endeavour to preserve grounds for sport has for one result the practical creation of a sanctuary. Since 1895 no birds at all have been shot save game. All hawks, owls, and other birds have been carefully preserved as far as possible, and, in spite of the immunity these enjoy, there were last spring about twenty pairs of herons nesting in the forest as against one pair a few years ago. Rare birds occasionally visit the locality, but the gamekeepers on the surrounding lands, in the folly of their kind, shoot, trap, and destroy without discrimination or remorse, whence, though birds are safe within the forest, the efforts of the associa-

the forest, the efforts of the association on their behalf are largely nullified by the policy pursued all round it.

Birds are really wonderfully quick to discover a real sanctuary, like a private garden, where neither shooting nor nesting is allowed, so that a good deal may be done in a small way.



MISS MANNERING AS MONICA AND MR. MORGAN AS NIGEL IN "THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE," AT NEW YORK.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

" We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

For years there has been talk of a municipal theatre, and Manchester is said to be a likely place for this experiment. Strenuous opposition may be expected from citizens who still think that the playhouse is a short cut to eternal brimstone. Brimstone, pleasantly mixed with the treacle of the pulpit, has not yet lost its attraction for the British middle-class. I read a letter the other day from a small and earnest shopkeeper who asked whether an actor could sleep o' nights if he knew that a wandering soul in the pit had gone to perdition with a glass of beer. This was not the shopkeeper's original idea; he had imbibed it from the warnings of his little minister. This reverend man is evidently in the habit of discoursing by the hour on moral responsibility. "Ah, my friends, you may have heard the saying-the play's the thing. The play's the thing; but what thing? The thing of light or of darkness, the thing of salvation or ruin? Think of the pit of the theatre! A poor erring mortal wandering from truth, breathing the poison of the Strand, ay, the deadly nightshade of the Strand, follows the lost into that pit, quenches his thirst with beer, one glass of beer! One false step, one glass of beer! Oh, my friends, the actor may tell you the drama elevates the mind. I ask him where is the soul who stooped to drink one glass of beer from the flood of temptation, missed his footing, and went over the cataract? And that actor will answer, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' "

Sermons like that, you may depend, will be preached against the municipal theatre; and to the prohibition party who hold that the sale of a glass of beer is immoral anywhere will be added the prohibition party who hold that it has a special flavour of damnation between the acts. They will be reinforced by the private enterprise party who will denounce a municipal theatre as rank Socialism. There is a richly comic effect here, for Mr. Bernard Shaw has been telling us how such a playhouse can never be anything but a bourgeois institution, sheltered behind that commonplace thinker Shakspere, and hermetically sealed against the dramatic works of Ibsen and "G. B. S." I suspect that if we were living in Socialism now, theatrical taste would not be appreciably different from its present quality. Most people in search of amusement would prefer Dan Leno to Ibsen, and the dramas of Mr. Shaw would still be neglected by playgoers. You cannot create artistic perceptions by economic revolutions, and because a man is receiving his wages from the State, and not from a private employer, he will not yearn for drama upon the Norwegian model. So we have this engaging paradox—that the municipal theatre, representing the common ratepaying enlightenment, eager for a balance of profit, like a Works Committee, cannot be expected to rise very often even to the high-water mark of the mediocre Shakspere; and that, if the theatre of advanced ideas in art should ever come, it will probably owe its existence to some enthusiastic millionaire who has made his money in a fashion which every Socialist abhors.

Yes, you need a man of wealth, with such a passion for the drama that he is eager to endow a theatre, to pay his actors the salaries they can command elsewhere, to treat his authors so liberally that they will produce their best and prefer the applause of a few to great popular triumphs. By this means, a certain taste might be created, quite distinct from current humours; but it would be no easy job. Your actor is a utilitarian; he likes the greatest applause of the greatest number. It would depress him to play to empty benches even at a high salary. Your dramatic author is not fond of writing for the select few; more than any other craftsman, he wants the stimulus of immediate and widespread recognition; and even in the endowed theatre he would be tempted to lapse into appeals to the unregenerate multitude, brought up on old theatrical effects. Then the spirit of dramatic curiosity is not very strong amongst us; and it might be difficult to muster even the select few for very original pieces, not too original to pacify Mr. Redford. As the essence of dramatic originality lies in the circumvention of the Licenser of Plays, here is an early obstacle-what you might call the water-jump-for endowed innovation! Suppose you clear that, what is the prospect of enlisting any considerable support? It is too often forgotten that the quality of dramatic imagination, the instinct for the play, is extremely rare in our educated classes. To them the theatre is seldom a place for speculation about motive, analysis of feeling, intelligent interest in any faithful representation of life. As you need these elements for your endowed experiments, where are you going to find your select few?

The chief advantage of a municipal theatre would be the admission—an important admission in this country—that the drama is an integral

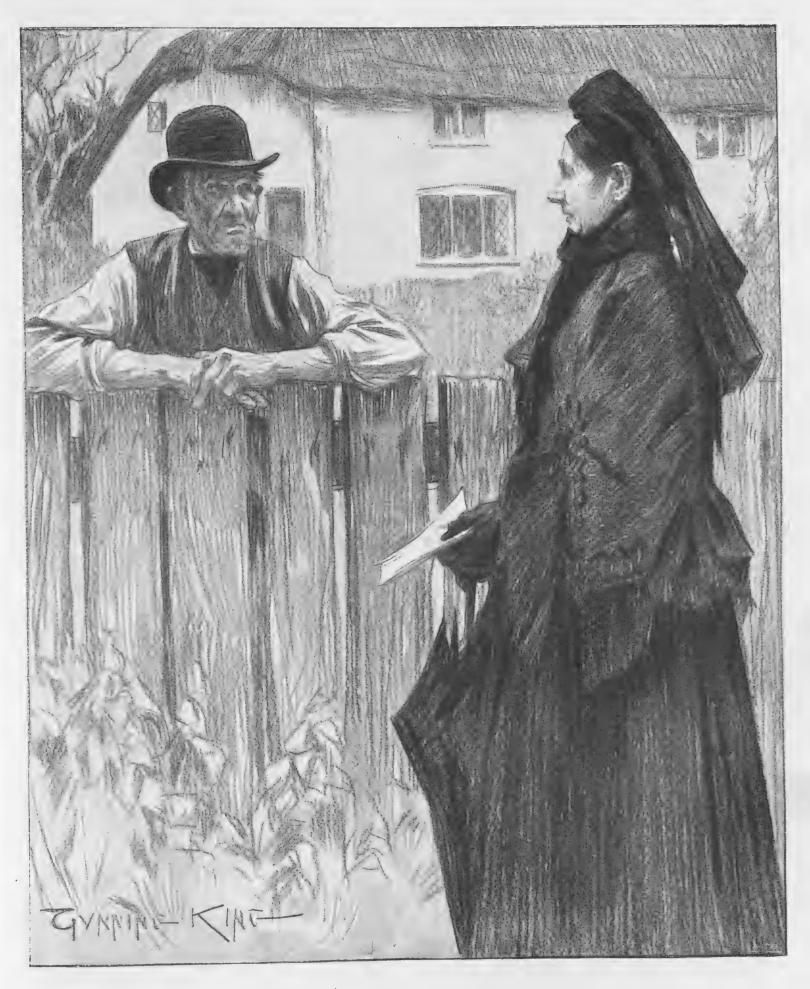
part of the organised life of the people. Moreover, it would give a new interest to local politics; and people who do not trouble themselves about the administration of gas and water would find no small diversion in the fortunes of the municipal drama. I can see election-bills in my mind's eye: "Vote for Smith and Shakspere." "Vote for the People's Friend and the People's Theatre." I can hear advanced reformers on the platform suggesting that, although Smith may be tried and trusty, Shakspere is dried and musty. I can hear a young enthusiast crying, "Give me Ibsen or give me death!" while his auditors endeavour to give him the handiest portions of the circumjacent furniture. I can hear the local pulpit: "Ah, my friends, what is this drama? One glass of beer, and then—Damnation!" No doubt, the municipal theatre would contribute enormously to the gaiety of local government; but the notion that the municipal theatre would expand the local mind and make a dramatic revolution is a chimera.

Mr. John Morley has been saying that the study of literature is of little value unless it stimulates the love of justice, truth, and mercy. Unluckily, this is one of those maxims which it is difficult to apply to experience on a large scale. Though we have a great historic literature, we are not a people with a marked literary temperament; but the administration of justice, on the whole, is more satisfactory in Great Britain than elsewhere, even in political cases. In France, where the literary temperament is so strong that you cannot read the full reports of the Zola trial without being struck by the extraordinary accuracy and felicity of expression common to nearly all the witnesses, the principle of elementary justice too often fights an unequal battle with prejudice and passion. The average Englishman is not bookish'; he is not imaginative; he is capable of the most absurdly false conceptions of life beyond his ken; but he has an ingrained, dogged attachment to fair play, and a habit of deciding questions according to the evidence: One of the most striking of the Englishman's gifts is his self-control amidst international provocations. When the whole Continental Press is raving at England, he remains unruffled; and yet you will find that many of the writers who denounce his cold, shopkeeping greed are learned professors or masters of belles lettres. It would seem from this that the study of literature does not play a conspicuous part in the broadening of the mind.

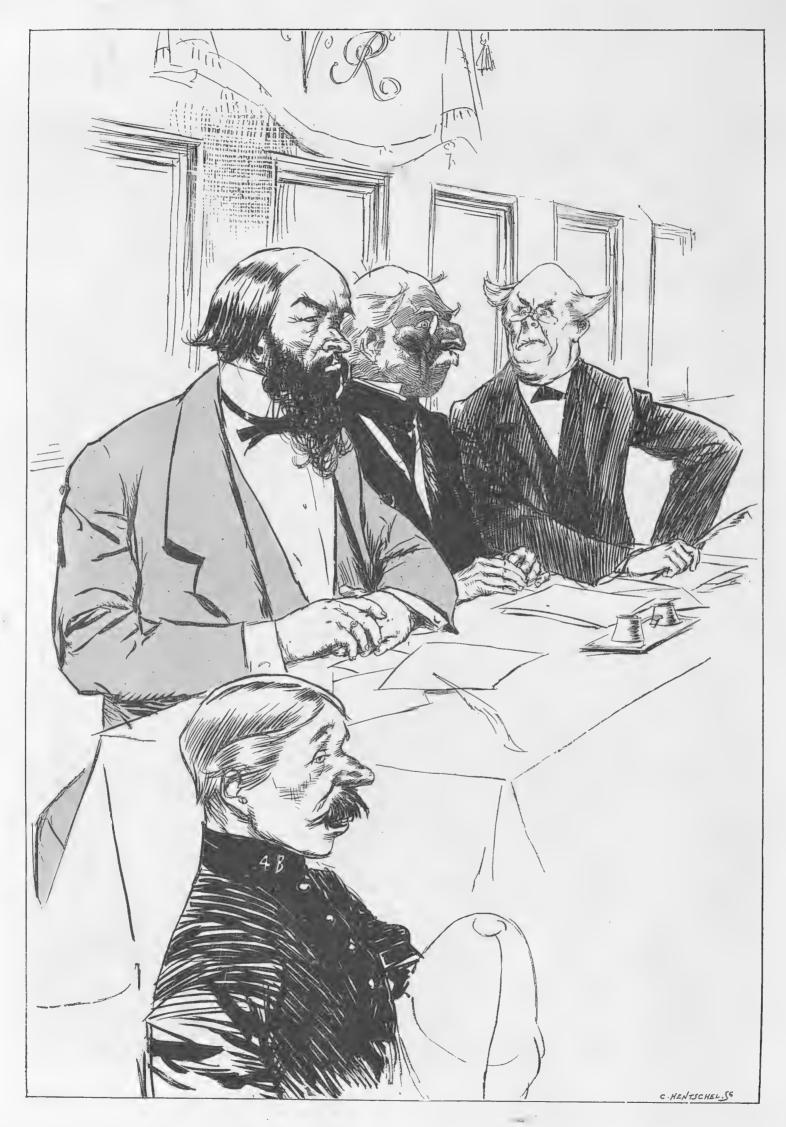
In a volume entitled "Political Crime" (Fisher Unwin) I find a strong indictment of immoral statecraft through the ages, beginning with the system which was patented, though not invented, by Machiavelli, himself an ornament of literature. Machiavelli's theory was that everything must be subordinated to the welfare of the State; and on that principle statesmen of all times and nations, many of them devoted to letters, have sacrificed justice, mercy, and truth without compunction. If abstract justice demands that one country shall forego its territorial or commercial claims in favour of another country, you may be sure that abstract justice will be flouted; hence the "political crime" deplored by Mr. Louis Proal. If you steal your neighbour's goods, you are punished by law, and if you shed his blood deliberately, you will hang; but the world has decided that war is not murder, and that annexation is not robbery. Thus, the morality which governs citizens does not govern States, in spite of Mr. Proal's contention that there cannot be "two moralities." Historians, he complains, "almost always exalt the conquerors, and in this way corrupt public opinion." Mr. Bodley's "France," for instance, is a powerful argument that the military glory of Napoleon, in its earlier stages, was essential to the salvation of France from anarchy. He was a tyrant; but his enduring monument is the France we see to-day in every branch of her administration. It is historical truth that Napoleon saved her at the expense of conquered nations; and if that was "political crime," it is clear that the law of self-preservation will always override the moralities.

If the study of literature does not breed a passionate zeal for all the virtues, it enriches the world with some quaint standards of criticism. From a recent article on Mr. George Meredith, I learn that his writings are likely to be popular as long as those of Charlotte Brontë, "with which they have much in common"; that he is not in the "first rank of literature" with "such authors as George Eliot, Dickens, and Thackeray, to say nothing of Scott, Fielding, and Richardson"; that he "has not much dramatic ability, but is something of a philosopher." Well, Charlotte Brontë is a great writer; but how Mr. Meredith moves in the same orbit I have not the least idea. Nor is it vouchsafed to me to understand the criticism which places him below George Eliot. However, as the oracle announces that "his men and women" do not, "as a rule, possess much merit," I can only remark that some students of literature are not lacking in original perception.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



TRACT DISTRIBUTER: So you're a Calvinist, and never go to church?
RUSTIC: Na, not me; I wouldn't go not even if they did preach the Truth.



"THINGS" CYCLISTS SEE.



THE COCKNEY IN DEVONSHIRE.

'Arry (to his Pal): Talk about sport. This is good enough for me

"CUIDICH'N RIGH."

The Seaforth Highlanders, among their many distinctions, boast the most formidable array of titles of any regiment in the service, their full name being "The Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, the Duke of Albany's)." These titles are in part derived from the original

names of the two battalions-the 72nd (Duke of Albany's Own), and the 78th (Highland — Ross-shire Buffs). The title of "The Seaforth" was revived on the amalgamation of the two battalions in 1881, as both were originally raised by the Earl of Seaforth from his own clan, the Mackenzies. By a peculiar coincidence the 72nd was during the first eight years of its existence the first eight years of its existence the 78th, but on the reduction of the Army in 1786 assumed its later number. Although raised from the Mackenzie clan, the battalion's present nickname of "The Wild Macraes" has clung to it from its formation, when Macrae was almost the general name in the regiment. The 2nd Battalion was formed some fifteen years later, and its nickname of "The King's Men" comes from its motto "Cuidich'n Righ" ("I help the King"). Both battalions have had a distinguished career, though the "honours" are almost wholly Eastern; indeed, of the twenty-one borne on the colours, only two—"Maida" and "Sevastopol"—are European. The 72nd, though raised as a Highland regiment, has not always remained such, for in 1809, owing to the difficulty in obtaining native recruits for the many Highland corps then existing, an order from Head-quarters was issued that, as "the population of the Highlands was found to be insufficient for the whole of the Highland corps in his Majesty's Army, and as some of these

corps, by laying aside their distinguishing dress, which was objectionable to the natives of South Britain," might induce men of the English Militia to enter, the 72nd and four other battalions should adopt the ordinary Line uniform. Later on, two other regiments abandoned the Highland dress, though one, the 71st, retained the tartan trews.

However, in 1823 the 72nd became again a Highland regiment, but with trews instead of the kilt, these being of Royal Stuart tartan, and, alone among trewed regiments, it wore the feather bonnet. It was also given the name of "The Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders," after the then Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of York and Albany. In January 1856 the regiment had 920 Scots and 177 English and Irish in its ranks.

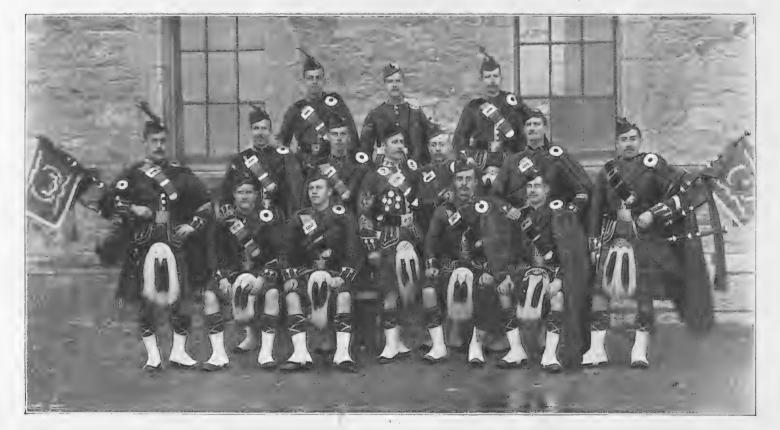
The 78th, on the other hand,

The 78th, on the other hand, from the time of its formation has been a kilted battalion, though in 1844-5, owing to losing some five hundred men in India from cholera, and recruiting in Scotland becoming difficult through this being known, it was compelled to raise recruits in England. In its earlier history it is recorded that, in 1808, of a draft of four hundred men from the Perthshire and Ross-shire Militia sent out to join the battalion in India, three hundred were "six feet and upwards in height, with strength of limb and person equal to their height." At present both battalions contain a large proportion of Scots in their ranks, and it may safely be said that in no regiment in the service is esprit de corps more alive than with the Scaforths. Of the splendid services of the two battalions it is impossible here to give even a brief history. The list of "honours" begins with "Carnatic" and ends with "Chitral," and as the 1st Battalion, which so recently left Create has group to the Souder left Crete, has gone to the Soudan, it is probable that another may soon be added. It may, however, be mentioned that at Assaye the 78th was led by Wellesley (afterwards the Duke of Wellington) himself, and that both battalions did great things during the Mutiny, many instances of individual did great things during the Mutiny, many instances of individual gallantry being recorded. The 78th received high praise from General Havelock at Cawnpore, and in later years the 72nd was frequently mentioned for gallantry in

Afghanistan; the exploits of the latter in Egypt and Chitral are too recent to need recounting. The late Duke of Albany was for some years the Honorary Colonel of the Scaforths, the present Colonel being Sir Archibald Alison. The Mackenzie tartan is now worn, and the badges are the Elephant and the late Duke of York's Cipher and Coronet.



THE DUKE OF ALBANY AS A SEAFORTH HIGHLANDER.



PIPERS OF THE 1ST BATTALION SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMSON, FERMOY

THE TURTLE KING.

The turtle is not what you would call a lovable invention. Nobody, except perhaps an Alderman or a civic who has passed the chair, feels a thrill when he gazes upon it. One has a yearning to stroke some creatures—the porcupine and the cobra-di-capello perhaps are exceptions, and I fear that the turtle must be put in their class.



MR. T. K. BELLIS. Photo by Weston and Son, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Indeed, when you look at him and think of stroking, you feel that the thought is intensely irrelevant, and remember Sydney Smith's idea of pleasing the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's by stroking the dome of the Cathedral. Moreover, the turtle is a most "cussed" beast, if I may use an Americanism. If you want to kill him, you will find that he clings to life with a ridiculous tenacity. Redi, the great zoologist, deprived a large turtle of its head, and it insisted upon living twenty-three days afterwards, although, like King Charles of sacred memory, it refused to eat under the circumstances; and Mr. Bellis told me that one which had its head cut off in the evening by the cook, knocked him down the next morning with its fin. On the other hand, the "cussedness" is shown in the fact that when you wish to keep the turtle alive it insists upon dying. You provide it with warmth and water and food for what my encyclopedia calls its "arbitrary stomach;" and yet, simply in order to spoil your balance-sheet, it insists upon turning up its toes, or fins, and becoming what is known in the trade as an "angel."

You see, after I had had an attack of influence and found, puscif, as

You see, after I had had an attack of influenza and found myself as weak as a badly washed shirt-front, my doctor said, "The best thing for you is to drink turtle-soup."

"A guinea a quart!" I gasped. "Why, it's dearer than your beastly medicine."

"Well," he replied, "I'm not a gourmet, but I can tell you this,

that the bottles and tins of soup prepared by Mr. Bellis are just as marvellous in their power of giving back strength and energy."

I bought some tins and bottles, and so promptly felt myself a Hercules at ten-stone-twelve that I felt curious about turtles. So, after due inquiry, I went to Jeffrey Square, St. Mary Axe—call it "Simmery Axe." or your column will overcharge you—and insisted upon socion. Axe," or your cabman will overcharge you—and insisted upon seeing Mr. T. K. Bellis, and asking him about turtles. He admitted that he was the monopolist of the trade, and told me lots about turtles. By-the-bye, there are turtles and turtles, but in all the nearly countless species there are only two of importance to the gourmet—one, the terrapin, with a ghastly Latin name, which is never brought over here, and the other the Chelonia Mydas, which is not, I fancy, called Mydas because it is a luxury of the rich. There is one other important member of the immense family, and that is the Hawk's-bill turtle, which is not good for food, but provides the levely forteign shell. So, one may have of the family immense family, and that is the Hawk's-bill turtle, which is not good for food, but provides the lovely tortoise-shell. So, one member of the family is bad to eat and good to look at, and the other the joy of the epicure and the horror of the artist. I have omitted the tiny land-tortoise, which ladies in Paris wear bejewelled, because I have not seen one of them. It is but natural that Mr. Bellis should also import

tortoise-shell. By-the-bye, people sometimes try to use the words turtle and tortoise discriminatingly, and distinguish between them by speaking of the turtle as a sea creature, or Thalassian, to use the naturalist's term, and the tortoise as a land-liver. But the tortoise-shell comes from a ferocious, voracious creature quite as marine in its habits as the true Both, of course, technically speaking, are reptiles, and not more capable than ourselves of extracting oxygen from sea-water. Indeed, though the turtle can keep under water for a very long time, Indeed, though the turtle can keep under water for a very long time, one of the troubles in catching the creature nicknamed by a wag "the soup-porter of the City" is that when he is in the net stretched from reef to reef he clutches it firmly with his powerful fins—the fins that the Lucullus would have loved so well—and gets drowned unless the fishing schooner is on the scene pretty soon. Although not a polygamist schooner is on the scene pretty soon. Although not a polygamist or polyandrist, the turtle has no less than three hearts, and the appearance of four.

The trade is a curious one, owing to the fact I mentioned before, that the turtle has a mania for dying, and, indeed, but for a scheme of Mr. Bellis's, it might be said that the industry was too wasteful, uselessly, of life to be justifiable. For, of a cargo, a very large percentage, despite the most elaborate precautions, will die en route, on one occasion no less than a hundred and five out of a hundred and twenty "turning turtle"

before reaching London.

In olden days the supply was most precarious, and, in fact, when, in 1874, Mr. Bellis, a Liverpool man, educated in the Liverpool College, saw the importance of the turtle trade, he appreciated the necessity of entirely changing the system of casual importations. Now he contracts with the fishing fleet which works the Mexican Gulf, where the true Chelonia Mydas is found, and thus secures all the best of what in the trade they call "the fish." It was rather comical to hear him use the term "cock-fish" in relation to the creature that is neither bird nor fish. Schooners carry the turtles to Kingston, Jamaica, making a wide detour on account of trade winds, and there they are kept in what are called "crawls," waiting till the market calls for them—this suggests the foreign industry in the langouste. A hundred a fortnight come over in the Royal Mail steamers, the weight as far as possible being from one hundred and ten to one hundred and forty pounds, the true eating weight hundred and ten to one hundred and forty pounds, the true eating weight of our friends. It has been found, as I have suggested, that, despite salt-water hose and tanks on board ship, and to say nothing of foot-warmers between Southampton and Waterloo—we can't all of us get such luxuries on the line—the turtles, like the Reverend Mr. Penley in "The Private Secretary," don't like London. Consequently, Mr. Bellis nowadays, instead of leaving them in his cellars until the few rectains towns that trade in genuine turtle here bought them presents. restaurateurs that trade in genuine turtle have bought them, prevents all those not immediately snapped up from dying of cold by converting them promptly into soup and preserved turtle. Wherefore I may mention that those who crave for calipee or calipash, to say nothing of the famous green fat, can get them, treated with marvellous science, and put up in tins and bottles with a brand that is now becoming the household word of the gourmet.

So you need not go into the City for your turtle, but can have an aldermanic banquet at home, and may feel quite confident—the confidence in many restaurants will be misplaced—that you are eating the real Chelonia Mydas prepared with all the skill vouchsafed to mostal man mortal man.

The benefit in cases of influenza to people who are, to use the doctor's phrase, "run down," is enormous, since nothing more nutritious than turtle-soup can be imagined, and it has the advantage of also being



SLOOPS DISCHARGING TURTLES.

digestible, in which it differs from this article. By-the-bye, I wonder if the fact that the turtle is a vegetarian would commend it to the palate of the famous "G. B. S."? He feeds exclusively upon what is called turtlegrass. I might add that I fancy, if any vegetarian tasted Mr. Bellis's soup, in all likelihood he would fall away from grace, or, at least, in the future always indulge in a grace before meat.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

When all the world has been harrowed at the Lyceum by the tragedy of Alexis, Mr. Oscar Browning brings out his popular timely history of "Peter the Great" (Hutchinson). So much has been unearthed about Peter of late, that he is growing into a very vague and uncertain figure in some of the better-instructed minds. Mr. Browning's task has been



PETER THE GREAT.

As Pictured by Kneller.

Mr. Browning's task has been to pick outfrom the new material the essential facts of his reign and character, and present them in a readable form for general use. His book is written rather in the style and in the spirit of a school-manual. That is, the narrative is brief and business like, and the criticism is timid. One feels that Peter has overawed the writer. The proof of it is that not once does Mr. Browning laugh at him-and the great, terrible Tsar was eminently ludicrous many a time. He talks of his "humour, his bonhomie, and his lovableness"—a queer commentary on the strange and marvellous and awful narrative of the previous three hundred pages. For a living portrait of the mysterious colossal creature one must go to Waliszewski's magnificent study; but, as a preparation

for that work, which is not arranged chronologically, Mr. Browning's book is well adapted. And the study may be profitably continued by Mr. Nisbet Bain's "Pupils of Peter the Great" (A. Constable), which brings in the story till the death of his niece, the Tsaritsa Anne. It is a stiffer bit of reading, not only because you are confronted by more evidence, but also because it lacks the picturesqueness of a great epoch of history. Yet, if there was a lull in the creative power of Russia at the time, there was no lack of activity, of fighting, intrigue, violent reaction, and tough obstinacy. And the characters of the rulers, especially of Catherine, Peter's widow, and of Anne, were lively enough, while the Russian Court of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was always a most varied and highly coloured stage. "I know of no other European Court which confronts us with such strangely original and eccentric types of character, such sharp and striking contrasts, and such swift, sudden, and tragical revolutions of fortune," writes Mr. Bain. And, though Peter and the great Catherine are, strictly speaking, both outside his narrative, his words are fully justified even by the story of this tamer epoch.

Perhaps Mr. Tovey's "Reviews and Essays in English Literature" (Bell) did not all merit being gathered from the pages of the Guardian. But a book is always justified in its existence if it makes one point, or asks a suggestive question, or tells a story. Mr. Tovey passes the story test with his tale—in a tirade against the present manner of teaching literature—of the schoolboy or undergraduate, who, when asked to comment on or explain" Put out the light and then—put out the light!" wrote, "Othello says this, dallying with the extinguisher." The points he makes in his readable and intelligent papers on More and Fuller, on Chesterfield, Gay, and some others, may not be of first importance. But

he suggests one very interesting inquiry in his essay on Coventry Patmore—whether, after all, opinions are not of great importance in poetry. It is considered literary to say they are of no importance at all, that imagination and style are everything. And Dante is quoted, by those who don't read him, as proof. But Mr. Tovey shows Dante crystallising opinions in personages whom he makes alive. It is these personages he condemns to perdition. There is no general condemnation of a class. Patmore makes no heroes or villains that we may extol or decry them for their vigorous life of right or wrong, but uses his superb gift of language to slander generally such as disturb the fabric of a society that has been comfortable to him and his fortunate brethren. He slanders



CATHERINE.

Peter the Great's Consort.

so obviously that he courts contradiction. Thereupon, in the readers' minds, the opinion, not the poetry, becomes uppermost. And the opinion is never generous. He is the most obstinate of all class-poets. One set, a small intellectual élite, a narrow, safe, comfortable coterie—outside these he is fiercely scornful. He is a poor thinker with a fine mental process and a magnificent style.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Indian Frontier War is an annoying and a troublesome affair; it has cost many good lives and much good money, and it is not over yet. Further, it has caused enemies abroad to rejoice, and critics at home to say "I told you so." Which is all the more unpleasant because some of the critics did not tell us so, and others always tell us so, whether it be so or not. The losses of the campaign, though incurred in driblets of thirties or forties, come to two thousand in all; and the history of Indian warfare has made us regard this as a very disastrous slaughter. Very few of our battles in India cost us more than this. We forget the ordinary cost of a European campaign in lives. We forget that even Wellington, who usually husbanded his soldiers' lives, would lose more than this number in a single assault of a fortress. And in Napoleon's later campaigns, and with his huge armies, a couple of thousand men killed, wounded, and missing represented a day of rather lively skirmishing.

The loss of promising officers and hard-earned money in petty bickerings with frontier freebooters is much to be deplored; but this, too, will pass from memory. The disaster of the first Afghan War was thought irreparable, but it proved otherwise. There, too, in spite of the way in which the destruction of an army bulked large in the British imagination, the fighting-men cut off were fewer than we had spent—victoriously, it is true—on single battle-fields such as Talavera and Albuera. The explanation of the increase in losses in this frontier fighting over the old rates is partly that the late campaign seems to have been conducted with more men than the generals knew what to do with or where to put, and partly, perhaps principally, that the tribesmen in their own country are, from a military point of view, equal to the more civilised forces ranked against them. When the clans raid into the plain, and are caught by cavairy and guns, their defeat is instant and crushing; but shells are little good against cliffs, and horse cannot climb. In single combat or with small-arms, the Afridi is the equal, perhaps the superior, of Tommy Atkins; and Tommy's discipline is little good to him in gorges and among caves and on hillsides. Tommy's sole chance of beating, except by gross numbers, must be by better leadership; and this seems to have been in no small measure lacking.

All the larger losses of the campaign seem to have been unnecessary. With a greater force than had ever before been brought into the hills, detachments were sent out, and left out, too weak to withstand a strong attack. Important hills were occupied and left again, and had to be retaken with heavy slaughter. Outlying bodies of troops were left to come in as they could, or supported only when too late to avoid loss. The supposed cowardice among the rank-and-file, on which some critics enlarged, seems a myth: the best troops in the world will break if not handled well, and, with skilled direction, all regiments and races have done bravely. But the disasters of the campaign, though altogether nothing enormous, as losses in war go, have tended to obscure judgment on the policy of the campaign, which is quite another matter.

It is impossible to resist the suspicion that, if the war had been conducted with a comparatively small, but thoroughly handy and well-fitted force of picked men, it would have been successful; and, if successful, it would have escaped many of the charges made against it. Critics of the Opposition are apt to forget that a sound plan may be badly followed out, and that it does not prove that, because the Afridis have kept up their end unexpectedly well, it was not right to try to teach them a lesson. Whatever the rights of the Chitral case may be, the Afridis began the attack; they captured the Khyber forts and blocked the Pass, which they had bound themselves to keep open. They may have heard distorted versions of the fighting about Chitral and of the building of the road; but these notions gave them no right to provoke a war without any serious grievance of their own.

The real cause of the frontier war can hardly be the occupation of posts in countries with which the Afridis had nothing particular to do. This may have been a pretext, but a cause of conflict it can hardly have been. At most, it may have helped to beget a feeling of apprehension among the tribesmen. But apprehension among them generally leads to submission rather than to attack. And some clans have risen who possibly never heard of Chitral. Fanaticism is the more likely explanation—fanaticism breaking out simultaneously, instead of, as usual, casually and at intervals, in a number of tribes—fanaticism stimulated by wild lies about the victories of Turkey and the intentions of the British Government, and increasing by the delay in suppressing it and the negligence in guarding against it at the start.

As for interference with the clans—it seems as if in one sense they have been too little interfered with. They have Martinis and Lee-Metfords; they were allowed to guard the Khyber by themselves. They may have thought that they were about to be annexed and subdued, but in that case, why should they have given a ready-made and adequate excuse for subduing them? That is on the hypothesis that they are rational beings; of course they are not. Men, as a rule, are not rational. After all, an Afridi has more excuse for believing that his independence is threatened than a Frenchman for thinking that Heaven knows what "syndicate" is plotting to dishonour the Army. But the credulity of the Pathan, as of the Parisian, seems boundless. One or the other is always ready to believe in the decadence of England, and act on the belief. One will find out this year; and the other?

HOW BOURNEMOUTH CHILDREN DISGUISED THEMSELVES.

Photographs by the Royal Central Photo Company, Bournemouth.



DICK WHITTINGTON.



BO-PEEP.



QUEEN BUTTERFLY.



PIERRETTE.

AN EGYPTIAN COMIC OPERA.

An attention to the history of comic opera goes to prove that newcomers of its class do not always come to stay, or, in other words, to fill the managerial coffers. Whether the "new and entirely conventional light Egyptian opera" lately produced in Glasgow, under the title of "Sneferu the Second," is destined to find any

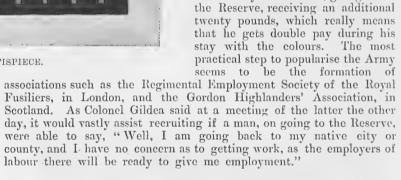
permanent place on the light-opera stage is therefore doubtful. fortunately, the question is essential, for the amateur production of the work has already fulfilled its purpose by realising a substantial sum on behalf of the Glasgow Sick Poor and Private Nursing Association. The libretto of the opera is the work of Mr. George Higginbotham, and the music was composed by Mr. Frank Stanley Young. Both gentlemen Stanley Young. Both gentlemen come of well-known Glasgow families, and their work, interpreted as it was by local amateurs, succeeded in attracting large audiences to the Berkeley Hall. The plot is of the slightest, but its chief incidents proved amusingly effective on the stage, much of the dialogue being genuinely witty, and the lyrics neatly turned. The Gilbertian influence is, of course, traceable alike in theme and treatment, but that this is a merit rather than a fault anyone experienced in latter-day comic opera will readily admit. The scene is laid in the Egypt of the Pharaohs, and the story turns on a plot to kill the reigning monarch, Sneferu II. The King's Chancellor, a cunning old person named Kasht-a-Tchek, schemes with Amenhia, the foster-mother of Prince Phargon, an Ambassador to Pharaoh's Court, to murder Sneferu, in order that he may wed the King's daughter and himself ascend the throne.

When Pharaoh upsets this plot by announcing his consent to the betrothal of his daughter to Prince Phargon, the conspirators manage to turn suspicion on to the Prince, and he is disgraced and cast into prison. Villainy is not long in the ascendant, however, and the detected Chancellor is pardoned only on the condition that he marries the virago Amenhia. The principal rôles were well filled, and chorus and orchestra contributed loyally to the success of the production, giving full effect to Mr. Young's tuneful music.

BOYS AS SOLDIERS.

It is said that among the Army reforms contemplated is a regulation authorising the enlistment of boys for general purposes. It is claimed, with truth, that the boy recruit is more readily moulded, both physically and morally, that he can be entrusted with many duties now performed by men, and that he makes the best soldier. Certainly a large number of those officers who have

risen from the ranks came originally from the Duke of York's or the Royal Hibernian School, and the system has undoubtedly worked well in the Navy; but the ardent Army reformer's chief grievance is that the Home Army is composed mostly of boys, and, if this be so, the only effect of the new regulation will be that the boys will enlist as boys, and not as "specials" or men. In this connection it is rather amusing to note that the War Office has just "approved of the full number of boys being raised in the present year for the new 3rd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, and for the 3rd Battalion Scots Guards, whose formation has not yet been com-menced." On the other hand, the liberal terms of the Army Order recently issued to men of the Reserve seem to show that "men" are required. Formerly, a Reserve man, on rejoining, was required to refund his deferred pay; this is not to be the case in future. As a matter of fact, a man who has served seven years with the colours and three in the Reserve may now rejoin, and, after two years' service, go again to the Reserve, receiving an additional





THE FRONTISPIECE.



"SNEFERU THE SECOND," AT GLASGOW. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, GLASGOW.

KING ALFRED AND WINCHESTER.

October 1901 will bring round the thousandth anniversary of the death of Alfred the Great, one of the noblest figures in English history, and it is to be hoped that the event will be celebrated in a manner worthy of



THE PRESENT ALFRED OF WINCHESTER,
BEING THE PORTRAIT OF THE MAYOR.

Photo by Salmon, Winchester.

the great nation that has risen out of the little kingdom of Wessex, which Alfred saved and served. The form which this celebration will take is as yet quite undecided, but there can be little doubt that, for any permanent memorial, no more fitting site could be found than the royal city of. Winchester, the capital of Alfred's kingdom and the place where he passed the greater part of his life. A move-ment with this object in view has already been set on foot in Winchester, and has received the cordial support of the Bishop, the Dean and Chapter, the College, and the Corporation. The cause has been warmly taken up by the Mayor, Mr. Bowker, and it may, perhaps, be regarded as a good augury that, though his predecessors in the mayoral dignity number seven hundred and thirteen.

himself is the first who has ever borne the honoured name of "Alfred."

The first years of Alfred's reign were years of storm and stress, years when he saw his kingdom desolated by the ruthless armies of the Danes, years of a desperate struggle for independence, in which, though often defeated, he yet never lost heart. At last victory crowned his efforts, and in 878 the Treaty of Wedmore conferred some years of peace

and rest on the exhausted country. By that treaty England was divided into two parts, Alfred retaining the country south of Watling Street, of which Winehester was the natural capital. There, in the fortress-palace of Wolvesey, he spent the most peaceful years of his reign, devoting himself to the advancement and improvement of his people. Winehester can proudly claim to be the birthplace of English literature, as Alfred was its founder. It was for the people that Alfred wrote, and it was the language of the people that he used, and it is to him that we owe that unique possession, the English Chronicle, the history of our own race in our own tongue from the earliest times. The early part of the Chronicle was probably compiled by the King, with the help of the brethren of St. Swithun, and copies were sent to the monks at Christchurch, Canterbury, and to the Scriptorium at Peterborough, and there the record was continued, handing down the English language through the troubled times of the Norman Conquest, till 1154, when it closes abruptly in the middle of a sentence.

To his palace at Winchester Alfred gathered learned men from all parts: Asser of Wales, who was afterwards to write his biography with the loving care of an intimate friend; St. Grimbauld, the Prior of St. Bertin's, Picardy, who was appointed Abbot of the New Minster; John the Old-Saxon, who afterwards ruled the monastery at Athelney. There he drew up a reformed code of laws for his people, and there he wrote those translations for their benefit, so that knowledge might no longer be a sealed book to the unlearned who knew not Latin. His reign, after the Treaty of Wedmore, was seldom disturbed; once the Danes in their ships made a rush into the Solent, but they were met and overthrown by the fleet which the King had founded, the germ from which the great naval power of England was to spring.

Piety was a marked feature in Alfred's character. He founded several monasteries, and in Winchester he built the New Minster and St. Mary's Abbey, a nunnery for high-born ladies. Both have been entirely swept away, though the memory of the last is retained in such names as "Abbey Passage" and "Abbey Mill." And in his royal city the Great King was buried, but the exact spot is, alas, undiscoverable. The tomb was moved under Edward the Elder from the Old Minster to the New, because the canons complained that his ghost "walked" and gave them no peace. Then in the time of Henry I. so much ill-feeling arose between the monks of the Old and the New Minster, whose respective choirs used to sing against each other at service-time, that the New Minster was transferred to Hyde, where it was known as Hyde Abbey, and the tomb of Alfred went with it. In the eighteenth century, the Corporation of Winchester, indifferent to the sacredness of the spot in which the greatest of the English monarchs lay buried, ordered the remains of Hyde Abbey to be pulled down, and used the site for the erection of a Bridewell. The last relic of Alfred, in the shape of a stone carved with the words "ALFRED REX DCCLEXXI," then disappeared. It was sold to a passing visitor, who carried it away, but it is still in existence, and can be seen in the walls of Corby Castle. At the approaching millenary, it is only fitting that Winchester should do something to wipe out her former neglect of the great English hero.



THE CITY OF WINCHESTER.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

POLO IN BENGAL.

It seems strange that Calcutta, the merchant metropolis of India, should be so backward in what may be now called the national game of India. The Bengal Tournament just concluded shows the paucity of clubs within reach of Calcutta; only one team of visitors competed, and these were from the Behar District, where polo flourishes like the green bay-leaf. Why is it that certain spots that one would consider most favoured in every way for the promotion and maintenance of this royal game seem to languish almost to extinction? Let us look back a bit at the history of polo in Bengal.

Situated as Calcutta is within some four hundred miles of the original fountain-head of the game—namely, Cachar and Munipore, where the game had flourished for centuries past, it is extraordinary that merchants and travellers should never have introduced the game before the early years of 1860. It was in 1863 that the first polo club was established in Calcutta. Previous to this, in 1857, when Captain Robert Stewart and Lieutenant J. Sherer were administrators in Cachar, they played with the Muniporis, and in 1859 they succeeded in inducing several tea-planters to join them in forming a club.

With two such foster-fathers, it was not possible for the game to be

RACING NOTES.

The classic races are seemingly a dead letter in the clubs just now, and there seems to be a doubt as to what horses will run for the Guineas and the Derby. Report has it that Marsh will start Ormathwaite for the Guineas and reserve Dieudonne for the Derby. All the men of observation think Ninus has a big chance of winning the Rowley mile race now that Wildfowler is under suspicion. I fully expect to see Batt and Dieudonne fight out a fierce battle for the Derby, and I hope to see the Duke of Devonshire's colt successful. Sir Blundell Maple has a capital chance of winning the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks with Nun Nicer, a much-improved filly. One thing, Sir Blundell does not win out of his turn, and the majority of racegoers would be delighted to see him winning big races.

I think Manifesto was very well sold at four thousand pounds, although I held a commission to purchase the horse for three thousand guineas. He is, without a doubt, one of the best 'chasers of the day, and he may win the Grand National, but I am afraid not with a gentleman rider in the saddle, for I cannot forget that the horse fell at the very first fence two years ago. It was said at the time that he was knocked down,





WINNERS OF THE BENGAL POLO TOURNAMENT, 1896 AND 1897.

long dormant and confined to the wild tribes of the Indian frontier. So two years later we find the game established at Dacca, some two hundred miles nearer to Calcutta, in Eastern Bengal. Here the Lahore Light Horse took it up. The next move we find the game played at Ballygunge, on the outskirts then of Calcutta. It was about this time that Sherer, rightly called the Father of Polo, came to Calcutta, and it was owing greatly to his assistance the Calcutta Polo Club was started, the ground being the centre of the racecourse. In 1864 Sherer brought down a team of Muniporis to Calcutta mounted on ponies 12-2, and for many years afterwards this was the standard height, and not until 1877 were 13-hand ponies adopted.

It was in 1863 that the game was also started at the military station of Barracknore, in Bengal, but there were little recorderity cleant the standard than the standard than the military station of Barracknore, in Bengal, but there were little recorderity cleant the standard than the standard than the military station of Barracknore, in Bengal, but there were little recorderity cleant the standard than the standard than the military station of Barracknore, in Bengal, but there were little recorderity cleant the standard than the standard than the military station of Barracknore, in Bengal, but there were little recorderity cleant the standard than the standard than

It was in 1863 that the game was also started at the military station of Barrackpore, in Bengal, but there was little regularity about the play. From those days to now a vast change has come over the scene, and there are few military stations in India where the game has not taken root. The illustrations represent the winning teams of the Bengal Tournament of 1896 and 1897. The winners of the Bengal Tournament this year were the Calcutta B team, composed of Mr. Cape, of the 18th Hussars, Major Turner, Mr. Cartwright, and Captain Martin, who defeated the Chumparun Club of Behar players, Mr. II. and Mr. K. Marsham, Mr. Mackenzie, and Mr. Lowis.

Elliman's Painting Book should amuse young people with an eye for colour. It consists of a series of Mr. Sturgess's well-known series, "How My Hunter was Lamed," coloured on one page, and the other page shows the picture in plain black-and-white waiting to be coloured.

but I was looking intently through my glasses, and it appeared to me that he chanced his jump. I am told that the followers of Collins's stable incline to the chance held by The Soarer, although Manifesto is now under the charge of Collins.

Very little business has to be noted over the Lincoln Handicap, and it may be that ante-post betting is to become a thing of the past. I am still of the opinion that Robinson will play a strong hand in the Lincoln race, but time must be left to tell whether Pedant or Prince Barcaldine will be his best. In this connection it should be noted that Knight of the Thistle is doing strong work, so that the puzzle becomes more perplexing daily. Ravensdale, I am told, is under grave suspicion, and Hermiston is doing light work. Voter is fancied by the Newmarket men, and General Peace is the one that is backed in all "lots" by the professional plungers.

It is the easiest thing in the world to collect a few hundreds on the racecourse for any deserving case of poverty, but many racegoers are complaining of the deadheads who infest the stations and the entrances to the course with a view to extracting money from all comers. I think the railway officials should take steps to rid the stations of loiterers on race-days. These pests must be as well known to the railway police as they are to respectable sportsmen, and they might easily be shown that their room was preferable to their company. Indeed, the time has arrived when all known bad characters and cadgers should be prevented from even entering the stations at race-times.

CAPTAIN COE,

THE PRINCE OF MONTE CARLO.

The Prince of Monte Carlo (with the accent on the lo), whom Mr. Gilbert immortalised in a jaunty jingle, is a very different person from the owner of the gaming-tables. Jingling, of different kinds, is the only point in common between them. The tables were started in 1856, when a certain Dr. Harcourt obtained from the reigning Prince of Monaco a concession for thirty years to operate gaming-tables in the little principality, soon after opening a gambling place near the palace, in the old town of Monaco.

The great gaming-houses at Baden-Baden and other German watering-places were then in the glory of their prosperity, and were paying enormous returns to their directors. It was this fact which suggested to Dr. Harcourt that a similar establishment on the Riviera would be a success, as the climate and natural beauties attracted numerous visitors from all parts of the world. Another reason for the choosing of Monaco was that a concession could be easily obtained from the Prince, who was then very poor, while it would be almost impossible to obtain the same thing from the French or Italian Governments.

In 1860 the gambling-house directors decided to build a superb casino on the promontory across the bay from Monaco, and to convert the rocky surroundings into a magnificent park; accordingly it was started, and christened "Monte Carlo," after the late Prince Charles III. The enterprise proceeded very slowly, however, for lack of funds, and doubtless would have fallen through entirely had not a certain M. Blane, a gaming proprietor, appeared on the scene. This man looked the place over in a few minutes, and then said, in a business-like manner, "I will give you 1,700,000 franes for your rights and property, and I will allow you just two hours to decide."

The directors desired more time, but M. Blane was positive, and

The directors desired more time, but M. Blane was positive, and declared that a decision must be given one way or the other in that time. He went to lunch, and when he returned his offer was accepted. The transfer was made immediately, M. Blane became sole proprietor, and his success was tremendous. He completed the Casino, and made the gardens and park what they are to-day. The Casino was first opened for gaming in 1868, and in 1877 M. Blane died worth many millions, and having married his daughter Marie in the meantime to Prince Roland Bonaparte, the son of Pierre Bonaparte.

The Casino is beautifully arranged and perfectly situated. If one ascends to it by the broad marble steps or by the outdoor lift, one arrives at the beautiful terrace, surrounded by a grand stone balustrade, and adorned with fountains, tropical shrubs, and beds of brilliant flowers.

The main entrance faces the sea and the gardens, and there is a broad drive approaching it. This entrance has a triple doorway, and as each visitor arrives a liveried commissionnaire steps forward to usher him in. The visitor ascends the steps, and passes into a spacious vestibule. If it is his first visit, he is directed to a bureau to obtain a ticket of admission. These tickets are given for the purpose of preventing any of the regular residents of Monte Carlo from entering the Casino to play, for the entire populace of the principality, from Prince to scavenger, lives more or less directly upon the proceeds of the gaming-tables, and the object is to live on strangers, and not off one another.

The ticket admits the bearer to the "Circle of Strangers of Monaco," which title is as much of a misnomer as the name adopted by the establishment, which is "La Société des Bains de Monaco." This

innocent-sounding title was doubtless brought from the German watering places by M. Blanc, as he had long been connected with them.

When one applies for one of these tickets of admission, one is asked his or her name and present residence; the place from which the visitor comes not being demanded: If a visitor, through the frenzy brought on by losses, commits suicide within the Casino premises or within the principality, the proprietors dispose of the body and hush the matter up as quickly as possible, and they do not consider it their duty to notify the relatives or friends of the unfortunate. Generally the officials accept unquestioningly the visitor's statement as to his name and hotel; but not always, as is proven by an amusing incident in connection with Lord Salisbury's visit to When the Prime the Casino.



THE PRINCESS OF MONACO.

Photo by Nama Blanc, Monte Carlo.

Minister gave his name, the clerk looked up indignantly and laid down his pen. He could not believe that the simply dressed, rather stolid-looking man before him was England's Premier, and curtly refused to issue a ticket. Lord Salisbury's valet strove to convince the clerk of his master's identity; but the clerk only insisted that he was the supposed impostor's pal. The British Consul was sent for, and naturally removed the clerk's doubts at once. Lord Salisbury had in the meantime grown terribly indignant over the incident, which he deemed an insult,

and he refused to accept the card then offered him with the most profuse apologies. So no one knows how much of the Premier's money the bank lost.

The theatre of the Casino is a perfect gem of architecture, and it opens from the atrium by large folding-doors. The Casino was designed by Garnier, who was the architect of the Grand Opera in Paris, which is

one of the marvels of Europe. In proportion to its size, the Casino Theatre was the more expensive. Concerts and operas by well-known artists are given here each afternoon and evening, and the audiences are the strangest in the world, made up as they are of princes, dukes, lords, tradespeople, professionals, servants, gamblers, rakes, cocottes, and tourists from the end of the world.

There are five gamingsalons, opening one out of the other, and, with the tables surrounded by the gamblers, they present a brilliant sight There are ten double tables for gambling. There are only two games played—roulette and trente-et-quarante.

The smallest bet permitted at roulette is five francs, and the largest winning that can be made on a single placing is 6300 francs. The largest



THE PRINCE OF MONACO.

Photo by Numa Blanc, Monte Carlo.

possible amount for a player to win by a single roll of the ball is 106,210 francs, and this could be done only by playing the limit on all the chances in which the winning number figures.

The game of trente-et-quarante is much simpler than roulette, and offers but two chances to players, who double their money only when they win. Cards are used for this game, and, according to the superstition of gamblers, a woman cuts the pack. She does this by slipping a blue card into the pack, instead of lifting off a portion of the pack, as is generally the case; the dealer then divides the pack where the blue card is inserted.

The gambling in this game is at much heavier odds than in roulette, and the advantage in favour of the bank is much less great. The smallest bet allowed to be made is twenty francs, and the heaviest is twelve thousand francs. Players at the tables generally bet one hundred or two hundred francs, but there are always some "plungers" who rashly stake from five thousand to ten thousand francs on each deal. These are the suicide-breeders.

It is marvellous the rapidity of the croupiers, who work like magicians, each deal, including the time spent for paying bets, occupying but three or four minutes at the longest.

The gaming is done strictly with money, no counters or checks being used, and credit given to no one. It is an acknowledged fact that the gambling at Monte Carlo is perfectly fair, as any form of cheating would damage the place too much. There is in both games, however, a decided percentage in favour of the bank, and, besides, there is the great advantage of having the possession of much larger capital than the player, and in this way the bank grows continually richer.

The Prince and Princess of Monaco naturally have great wealth, as they are paid vast sums for the right to keep the gaming-house. They live in great splendour, although they are very ordinary in their appearance and tastes. The Princess was not a woman of rank. They are never seen at the Casino, but are frequently to be seen driving or walking about Monaco. The principality is the smallest in the world.

A SONG OF PAN.

In olden days, when Time, a boy, was playing
With golden hours that seemed an won long,
And love was life, and life a dear delaying,

They crowned me King beside the streams of song.

They hailed me God of wood and mead and river;

They hailed me Lord of forest, field, and brake:

My lightest music set the trees a-quiver The sleeping song within their hearts to wake.

Gay nymphs and dryads, ever me attending,
Laughed through the day with merry-hearted fauns;
Nor dream'd of night, nor darkness dread descending,
But lived for ever with the dazzling dawns.

And when I piped the thrushes paused and listened,
The nightingales were hushed on every tree,
And every brake with eyes of wonder glistened
As wild wood creatures pressed to hear and see

In olden days, when Time, a boy, was playing
With golden hours that seemed an won long,
And love was life, and life a dear delaying,
They crowned me King beside the streams of song.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Feb. 23, 6.27; Thursday, 6.29; Friday, 6.31; Saturday, 6.33; Sunday, 6.34; Monday, 6.36; Tuesday, March 1, 6.38.

Several correspondents have written to me concerning the circular said to be issued by the Chief of the Royal Irish Constabulary permitting cyclists to ride on footpaths. A Brasenose College correspondent says—

I do not know if this is the case now or not, but in last September, while staying in County Wicklow, I was told by a District Inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary that I might ride on the footpath. He stated that, though this was strictly illegal, they did not object provided cyclists did not abuse the privilege by ringing foot-passengers off. The people seemed to have no objection to this, and were quite ready to step aside if they saw one coming. I must say I found it a most enjoyable district to ride in.

Mr. T. J. Goodlake, the honorary secretary of the Oxford University Bicycle Club, says—

As a resident of Ireland, may I give you the true facts as to Sir Andrew Reed's circular mentioned by you in to-day's Shetch? The circular in question instructs members of the Royal Irish Constabulary (not City of Dublin Police) not to prosecute cyclists riding on the footpath, except in cases where actual obstruction is proved. The probable reason is that magistrates persisted in imposing nominal fines for the offence, the regular tariff in my district being sixpence for a man and one penny for a lady, without costs, while in some parts they refused to convict at all.



DICK WHITTINGTON OFF TO HIGHGATE HILL ON HIS HUMBER.

Photo by A. H. Fry, Brighton,

The trials of a general editor are said to be manifold. Those of a cycling editor are not one whit less harassing. A romance of love and wheels has been sent to me on approval. It is a narrative in three gasps. The first gasp ends thus—

But George could bear no more: At one and the same moment he swallowed the deadly draught, plunged the poniard deep into his heart, and, pulling the fatal trigger that was to blow out his brains, he pedalled over the precipice into the raging flood beneath:

But his hour was not yet come.

The story is still "under consideration."

By a strange coincidence, an old gentleman whom I know intimately and a man whom I have never heard of before write by the same post from Eltham to tell me of a "veiled lady" who is said to bicycle by night in the purlieus of Mottingham, though nobody knows who she is, whence she cometh, or whither she goeth. The general impression in the vicinity is that the woman is no woman at all, but a phantom, which, some go so far as to say, emulates the example of the headless horseman. Indeed, according to my informants, "considerable excitement prevails in the neighbourhood."

Certainly the mushroom village of Mottingham, with its Cramming Establishment for the Sons of Gentlemen, from which the village takes its name, is, to my mind, anything but an cerie spot, and I flatly refuse to believe in the existence of this female cycling spook. Unless the veiled lady be the dame voilée of Dreyfus fame—in which case she and all her kinsfolk and acquaintance ought to be promptly conspué—depend upon it "she" is a hoax, so far as any ghost is concerned. A bicycle is a silent medium at the best of times, and therefore well adapted to "spiritualistie" purposes. Indeed, I am not sure that a horsewhip would do this scorching spectre much harm. Even if it did do harm, the worst harm possible, the administrator of the chastisement could easily obtain his acquittal by pleading "temporary insanity."

I was told to-day of a novel kind of brake (at least, it was new to me) used by a lady in descending the Simplon Pass last autumn. To back-pedal down the entire length of the Pass, from the summit to Brigue, would have been exhausting, while to have applied the ordinary rubber brake for so great a distance might have proved destructive to both the brake and the tyre. What the lady did was to procure a few branches of fir-tree, tie them together, and attach them to her machine with a piece of rope and allow them to trail behind her down the slope, and with this improvised drag she coasted gaily down the long incline! "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me." To my mind, it was a most dangerous experiment, for, had the branches caught on any obstruction, such, for example, as a post in the fence, in turning a corner, a serious accident would probably have resulted, and I, for one, would be loth to risk such a catastrophe.

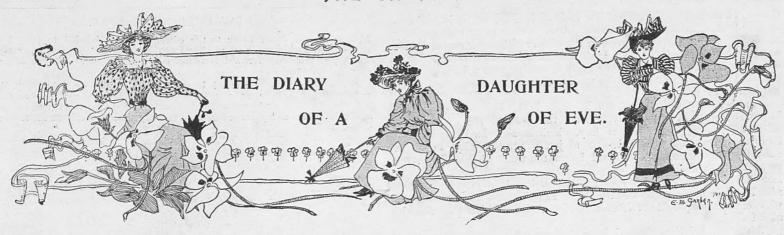
A week or two ago I remarked that I expected before long to be called upon to record a bicycle funeral. Something of the sort, it seems, has already been attempted on the Continent, for I learn from a contemporary that at Limburg a lady who was devoted to the wheel died, and at her funeral the bicycle she had ridden during life was draped in black and solemnly trundled behind the hearse, in imitation of the charger which we are accustomed to see at a military funeral, escorting his late master to his last resting-place.

Spring is coming, and we are all racking our brains for some new and fascinating costume in which to mount the iron steed. For now, there is no doubt, it has become a necessity for us to ride, since fashion so decrees. Even if we cannot ride, we must needs possess a machine and pretend to, or Society would be horrified at our neglect of the essential wheel. But to return to what to wear. It is difficult to change the most useful coat and skirt, but no doubt in a short time, as spring advances, we shall find a few little varieties. A great Glasgow tailor writes to me that he has just invented a new skirt for cycling. I should like to know what this new wonder will prove. If it is becoming, no doubt he will make his fortune; if not, then, alas! I fear that someone greater than he will win the day.

There must always be two distinct styles in France and England. The fancy costumes, and even high boots, that our fair sisters affect on the boulevards, not, of course, forgetting to mention the popular "bloomers" that are so becoming to Frenchwomen, will never really find favour among us. We do not consider the knickerbockers becoming, and the smarter and more aggressive costumes are hardly suitable for our country roads. We must wait, and some new wonder will no doubt appear in our midst.

We are told to train up our children in the way they should go, but nowadays they seem to "go" quite fast enough without any such training. A day or two ago I had occasion to shuffle bashfully into a West End "baby dépôt" with a view to purchasing, if possible, a cheap perambulator. The "salvage sale now proceeding" hand-bill thrust into my fist by an officious gentleman in livery had tempted me to enter the dépôt, but, of course, I was then quickly informed that the stock of "remnant prams" was just sold out. An affable salesman, however, evidently realising the delicacy of the situation, took it upon himself to wheel forward, for my inspection, a row of baby-carriages, the sight of which made me fairly long to be once more in robes. One perambulator in particular greatly took my fancy. Certainly so luxurious a vehicle ought to turn the most bull-headed of babies into the veriest scorching enthusiast ever weaned. For not only was it fitted with pneumatic tyres—"self-scalers and pin-proof," the shopman remarked significantly—but it had, besides, two tiny pedals and a steering-post, so arranged that, should baby grow tired of being mewed up in its chariot and pushed about by a stupid nurse, it would merely have to sit suddenly upright, stick its feet through the base of the carriage, and set to work "on its own," breaking the Nurscry Stakes' world's record without a pace-maker. Really, such outrageous developments should be put a stop to. Otherwise there will be no holding Progressionist babies a few years hence. The next novelty we may look for is a multi-motor-bassinette.

In the country lately I noticed many golf-players cycling out to the links. They all carried their clubs slung across their backs, a somewhat awkward way of conveying them, for any weight upon one's back is extremely uncomfortable when one is bicycling. Now, I noticed last week in Holborn Viaduct, that bicycle emporium, a contrivance by means of which a bundle of golf-clubs could, I should think, be carried with far greater ease, though the ends would, of course, extend to right and left, so that the contrivance could not be used with safety in crowded traffic.



Tuesday .- I met Diana at the National Skating Palace to-day, and we were in excellent company, too, for the Prince of Wales was there, gazing with much interest at the display of skill of many distinguished persons who were competing for the championship of the National Skating Association. His Royal Highness arrived at three, and sat through the entire performance.

It is remarkable how diverse are his sympathies. The Princess was at Niagara the other day; Diana told me she came in to see M. Maurice ride a bicycle on the ice, and she remained nearly an hour, had tea, and left quietly, creating no excitement among the skaters, who were too busy to be interrupted by even so great a lady as her Royal Highness. trying to improve their figures

Diana was really a goodly sight to-day in a worthy frock of black cloth, with a skirt showing the indispensable new flounce, and the bodice crossed over the bust with a year. over the bust with a very narrow row of white and gold braid, piped with turquoiseblue, showing a small vest of ivory lace, tied with a blue velvet scarf. She had on a small toque of black and silver gauze, with an elaborate Para-dise-plume at one side, and she carried her sable cape over her arm, observing she was "so hot." Poor little woman! She must have been suffering agonies from the cold. A skating-rink is not the atmosphere where while idling I should dispense with my winter clothing. Diana is a heroine, and in the cause of costume she goes forth cheerfully to meet an army of chills, coughs, and influenza. Providence be praised, I have not heard so much about influenza this week. Florrie, the last victim of the family, has recovered her normal condition of health and beauty. It is not for me to detail what this implies.

Diana was full of the charms of M. Harry Stiegert's skating, and this afternoon she made me promise to go with her to his benefit, which is to take place at New Niagara on Thursday, the 24th. It really is a joy to see him, he is so graceful and so neat, and I am told the Prince is to be among the onlookers.

It is extraordinary—even

more, it is sad—to see how ill-dressed all the women are on the rinks just now. thought they had covered a multitude of sins by a large bunch of flowers pinned in the front of their coats—flowers which bore upon them the unmistakable impress of Monte Carlo. In future, I mean only to cultivate persons who go to the South in the early winter. I have received lovely flowers from there this week: bunches of anemones

and violets, lemon-coloured mimosa and white lilac, are adorning my sanctum with distinction.

Wednesday .- Arthur has gone on a sea-voyage for a little holidayfrom Julia, I think; from business, he says-and I am sitting at home expecting him to return laden with little gifts for his favourite sister-in-law. I do not think

they grow anything in Egypt I want very much, for I do not smoke cigarettes, and I am not attached to cushions of Oriental embroidery, while I have a positive dread of someone bringing me a set of zouave and vest of cloth embroidered-in gold tinsel. For many years I have been possessed of two of these white elephants, and I recollect how exceedingly pleased I was once to pass one of them on to Gertie, when she was in the throcs of arranging an Eastern costume for her little girl. Why do people who go to Cairo always return with these impossible "sets," calculated to burden the soul of the recipient?

I am so glad Arthur did not invite me to go with him-I am sure I should have gone, and a sea-voyage neither agrees with my digestion nor my complexion, and under its influence I need quarts of Rowland's "Kalydor." I have a great respect for Rowland's "Kalydor." It has lived through many ages in spite of many rivals. The secret of its success is that it really does what it pretends to do. It is pleasant to use, exceedingly pleasant, and it performs its duty manfully, blotting out completely any little indiscre-tions that the sun or wind may have committed on our faces. have committed on our faces. Mr. A. Rowland is a chivalrous soul, always to try and put the best complexion on women.

Thursday.—I have spent the morning at Jay's, a little habit of mine which I pursue persistently once a fortnight. I have been interviewing cloth dresses. It requires an artist to invest the simple cloth dress with variety and yet permit it to remain the simple cloth dress, and when you have found the artist you want to buy the gown. Here it is at Jay's in red cloth-I would rather have it in blue, but that is a detailthe skirt trimmed with alternate strappings of cloth and insertions half an inch in width of



A PALE-BLUE SATIN DRESS FLOUNCED WITH CHIFFON AND TRIMMED VELVET APPLIQUÉ AND PEARLS.

taffeta silk. These appear in V-shape on the front of the skirt, and extend to the back, decorating the short coat on the sleeves and on the yoke. A smart little coat it is too, reaching to the hips, innocent of fulness, and capable of being fastened up across the chest with becoming grace. Another good cloth dress has a triple skirt, the bodice showing pointed straps, machine-stitched, with just a touch of tartan at the top of the muslin collar, and few folds of it about the waist and cutsteel buttons down the pouched front. A white cloth gown is particularly attractive, opening down one side of the skirt, and bearing on the bodice a collar of batiste edged with Irish lace; and for an informal dinner or a formal fete nothing could be more attractive than a dress of rosepink Liberty satin, almost covered with lace, the satin showing but down the centre of the front.

the centre of the front.

Another very elaborate gown in pink is of chiffon embroidered in pearls and gold and dull silver; from the neck to the hem of this falls a loose, long piece of embroidery, which is a decided novelty, and it appears again on a high bodice of jet, a pendent plastron of jet extending three-quarters of a yard below the waist of this. A pretty gown for a young girl is of gold-spangled net and ivory lace, the lace being decorated with tiny ribbons gathered in fanciful designs round and about the pattern of the lace. But she must be a young girl who selected her parents of liberal habits, or she would not be able to afford it.

After all, I feel perhaps I have been grumbling without occasion when I say there are no new dresses about—certainly there are plenty at Jay's, one less than there was this morning, though, for I bought a model of lavender cloth with many stitchings on the skirt, which sweeps the ground, and a little decoration on the bodice, which pouches over a belt with a waistcoat of thick lace embroidered in steel and gold. And now I am possessed of a desire for a new hat to crown it. I need not hurry about this, though; I first catch my dress, and then hat it with distinction. The verb "to hat" is a new one which I think should be included in some dictionaries. Among other novelties



A BLUE CLOTH DRESS TRIMMED WITH SATIN PIPINGS.

which should find their place in those incomplete volumes is the verb "to peeve." None other I know expresses so well the natural condition of some wretched folks. But there is no use spending my time in trying to reform the English language, I must get me to some dinner.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss M. B. W.—Your letter to the editor has been handed to me. I can recollect no such allusion; but if you woull kindly cut out the paragraph to which you refer and forward it to me, I will endeavour to get you full and complete information.

M. C.—The colour to choose is brown of a light cedar tone, not quite so light as fawn, but the exact shade of cedar indeed. The jacket should be shaped like the reefer-coat, the sleeves small, the back setting into the figure, the front almost tight, but not quite. It should be arranged to fasten down the side, and



[Copyright.

A FLOWER TOQUE TIED WITH VELVET RIBBONS.

be trimmed across the front with strappings of the cloth. The revers and the collar at the back, which should be cut so that it could turn up round the neck, should either be decorated with soft white silk, set into tucks and alternating with little frills of lace, or with plaid silk, and in the winter facings of sable might take the place of these decorations. For the skirt you might copy that one illustrated in the "Diary" in the issue of Feb. 16, having a strapping where the braided design appears. Your suggestion of Shoolbred's for the coat is good; you could not do better; and while you are there, choose a cloth of which they have sufficient to sell you a length for the skirt. Very narrow leather belts are worn, with buckles in the front of coloured enamel. Those which are jewelled round the waist are no longer very popular. Write me again if I can help you further.

COUNTRY MOUSE.—I was so sorry I had not time to answer you in last week's issue. You could wear well with that flannel, neckties of plain mauve, plain green, or white. The waistband should, to a certain extent, depend upon the skirt. For instance, if you wear a white flannel skirt, you should wear a green waistband with an enamel buckle in the front. If, however, you want to wear navy-blue and black skirts, you should let the belt match the tie. There are plenty of mauve leather belts in the market. I think the flannel very pretty.

Dense.—Under the circumstances, I can advise nothing better than blue serge. Have a reefer-coat and a skirt cut on the new principle. Simmons, of 35, Haymarket, will do it at your price. I should prefer a black satin lining to the skirt, and you might have a fanciful plaid in the coat, or dark blue to match the coat itself. A small toque of lobelia would be a success, and the velvet rosettes could be of a different shade of the same blue again. Thanks for your letter.

Vashtr.—You can get those Empire combs—and I quite agree with you that they are most becoming; indeed, I am very much in love with them this week—from the Parisian Diamond Company, 143, Regent Street. I, personally, prefer them all made of jewels—for evening wear, of course. If you write to the Parisian Diamond Company they will send you a sketch of their newest patterns. In the front of the hair the diamond wings always look nice, and two very tiny ostrich-feathers have charms when placed at one side. I say "Yes" to your other questions with pleasure.

AN EFFECT IN PAUSES.

HE. Do you know—?
SHE. No.
HE. Why, really, you know—
SHE. You mustn't!
HE. But I really do—
SHE. What would—?
HE. Why, nothing—
SHE. Oh, well—
HE. Don't you think——?
SHE. How could——!
HE. Let us—
SHE. It might—
HE. Do you——?
SHE. A little—perhaps——
HE. Perhaps——?
SHE. Not surely——

HE. Why—?
SHE. Oh—!
HE. Why—?
SHE. Well, a little—
HE. Positive?
SHE. Um—m—
HE. Try—
SHE. Oh, I—
HE. Do—

(SHE is silent.)
HE. May I—?
(SHE is still silent.)
HE. I shall—
(A movement.)
SHE. Oh—!
(HE did; and they do.)

CITY NOTES.

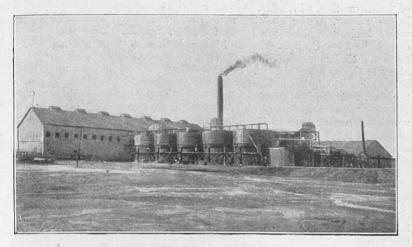
The next Settlement begins on March 9.

MONEY.

The Money Market continues pretty much in the hands of the Bank of England. Day-to-day loans have been kept at about $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and choice three months' paper cannot be discounted under $2\frac{\pi}{8}$. It looks as if there would be no drain of gold to face for the next few months, and as soon as the Government balances are released there may be a sharp decline in discount rates.

PEACE OR WAR?

The Stock Exchange is ever optimistic, but as we write even the most enthusiastic jobbers are shaking their heads over the general



CYANIDE WORKS, GELDENHUIS DEEP.

outlook. Greece and Turkey have, fortunately, practically ceased to be disturbing elements; for the moment the Chinese trouble is not acute; but the relations between Spain and the United States are about as unsatisfactory as they well can be, and there has not for twenty years been so much danger of war between this country and France as exists to-day. We have no desire to pose as alarmists, but it would be folly to shut one's eyes to the fact that we are living on the brink of a volcano which may burst into activity at any moment.

If the strained relations were with Germany, or even with Russia, we confess we should not feel so uneasy about the outcome, for we could then count with tolerable certainty on the exercise of common sense on both sides; but France is in such a state of internal trouble, and is so dominated by the military faction, that not only may it be impossible for the Government to give way without causing a Revolution, but it is by no means certain that war with England may not present, in the opinion of the politicians now in power, the best chance of distracting the public At any moment, in addition to these considerations, a collision may take place in West Africa, and both nations be in a turmoil before either Lord Salisbury or anyone else can calm the storm.

Under these circumstances, what wonder that even the most light-hearted member of the Stock Exchange is inclined to think twice before increasing his commitments, or advising his clients to open a speculative account, for, to paint the result of war with France in the most sober colours, it would mean Consols at 95 in a week, and a most soper colours, it would mean consols at 95 in a week, and a corresponding drop in all gilt-edged securities, to say nothing of the vast mass of Mines, Industrials, and Miscellaneous securities which would be unsaleable. We have written thus strongly because it is time that our readers appreciated the dangers, not because we anticipate actual war. Scares there will be, probably very close shaves in more directions than one, but the stern reality, let us sincerely hope, will be avoided.

HOME RAILS.

Here the effect of the stringency in the Money Market has been felt in a curious way. During the era of unloanable capital the banks loaded themselves up with Colonial stocks, Railway debentures, and Preference shares as almost the only way of making an honest penny with their large floating balances, and now that they can put the money to more profitable use they have been quietly selling. In normal times the public would have absorbed the stock as fast as it was offered; but for the last week or two, despite the fact that the amount of stock that has come out has not been large, the market has perceptibly weakened, so much so that many jobbers are shy of dealing. In the Ordinary stocks there has been a fall in nearly every case, not severe, it is true, but universal. Central London shares have been inquired for, and appear to be a good

THE CRYSTAL PALACE SCHEME.

Everybody will wish success to the reconstruction scheme of this ill-fated enterprise. Our opinion is that reasonable railway accommodation, and not reconstruction, is what the Palace wants; but there can be no harm in trying the latter, especially as it will produce some working capital—a thing sorely needed. The proposals are drastic enough, for the present capital of £1,553,675 is to be exchanged for about £472,000 of new securities; but how, when this is done, the earning power of the place is to be increased, we have yet to learn.

To go to the Crystal Palace to see a cat show or any other form of To go to the Crystal Palace to see a cat show or any other form of mild enjoyment is at present a laborious proceeding, which takes at least half-a-day and compels you to spend in actual practice not much less than a couple of hours in the train; it is this drawback which is at the root of all the trouble. Can nothing be done to bring the place within the reach of the ordinary mortal who, if there was a ten-minute railway service which landed him at his destination in under half-an-hour, would often run down to lounge about in the beautiful grounds or look at a bicycle race? A direct electric line would pass through a most populous district, and make the fortunes of the Crystal Palace shareholders.

KAFFIRS.

The following letter has reached us from our Johannesburg correspondent, but meanwhile the market here is going as fast as it can from bad to worse. On the spot the mining situation is, no doubt, clearer than it can be here, but it is unfortunately a case in which political, rather than mining, considerations rule the roost. The re-election of Mr. Kruger, and the first uses to which he has put his new lease of power, do not encourage the English investor to put prices up.

OUTLOOK FOR THE KAFFIR MARKET.

Outlook for the Kaffir Market.

The past year's mining operations on the Rand have completely established the payability of the first row of the deep-levels, and the feature of the work of 1898 will be to bring still more payable mines on this line into the profit and dividend-earning stage. Although the Geldenhuis Deep has now been crushing for well over two years and the Bonanza for nearly two, the deep-level era may be said to have really commenced with the dropping of the Crown Deep stamps on Aug. 1 last, since when the "deeps" have dominated the Kaffir Market just as they have engrossed all attention on the Rand itself. The Rose Deep, on the dip of the New Primrose, dropped its first 100 stamps a few weeks later than the Crown Deep, and the closing month of the year found the Nourse Deep, with 60 stamps, also adding to the output, with the Crown Deep crushing capacity increased to 160 stamps and 40 more ready to start. These three deep-level mines contributed 29,624 oz. to the magnificent output for December, and if we add the Geldenhuis Deep and the Bonanza, the entire deep-level contribution for December was 47,518 oz. This represents about 15'3 per cent. of the December output, and it is the safest thing in the world to predict that the deep-level percentage will steadily rise, occasionally by leaps and bounds, until it quite eclipses the production from the mines on the outcrop of the reef.

This year, for example, and in the first five months of it, a number of additional deep-level mines will begin to win gold, and these will affect the



THE CHAMBER OF MINES. Photo by Barnett, Johannesburg.

monthly output quite as materially as did the three subsidiaries of the Rand Mines, Limited, in the closing months of 1897. Before these lines are in print, the Village Main Reef, on the dip of the Jubilee and City and Suburban, just outside the town of Johannesburg, will have recommenced crushing with 100 stamps, after a stoppage of over two years for development and re-equipment. A little later, the Jumpers Deep, another of the Rand Mines subsidiaries, on the dip of two such excellent mines as the Jumpers and

New Heriot, will drop its first 100 stamps; and about March the Glen Deep, immediately under the Glencairn and May Consolidated, will be the sixth big deep-level mine to start winning gold under the ægis of the Rand Mines, Limited. A seventh will enter the producing list shortly after, namely, the Langlaagte Deep, which will crush at the outset with a hired battery, probably that of the adjoining Paarl Central. In April the Robinson Deep, the best deep-level of the Goldfields group, will start its battery, and a little later in the year the Durban-Roodepoort Deep, another of the marvellous progeny of the Rand Mines, Limited, will also begin to hammer out the precious ore. So far from there being any finality, this only brings us to quite another long list of deep-level mines—Knight's Deep, Witwatersrand Deep, Ferreira Deep, Roodepoort Central Deep, and, on the second row, Knight Central, Simmer and Jack East, Simmer and Jack West, Jupiter, Rand Victoria mines, &c.—all destined to come upon the producing horizon at intervals extending over the next two or three years.

destined to come upon the producing horizon at intervals extending over the next two or three years.

It is easy to understand why, in face of the facts above stated, the deep-level factor is likely to be of great importance to the Kaffir investor and speculator for a long time to come. Next to the deep-levels the new mines on the East and West Rand are likely to provide the chief material for market manipulation, and the starting of the new joint Angelo and Driefontein mill about February ought to be a big event with the East Rand group. The East Rand promises to be the scene of considerable activity during the year, and it will be interesting to see whether the Angelo, Driefontein, and New Comet can each keep up a high rate of yield with a large battery at work on each property. Farther out than the East Rand Proprietary the New Kleinfontein is about the only mine which is keeping up its reputation, earning profits steadily month by month. We may expect to see some remarkable changes in this district of the Rand before the year expect to see some remarkable changes in this district of the Rand before the year

keeping up its reputation, earning profits steadily month by month. We may expect to see some remarkable changes in this district of the Rand before the year is very old.

At the other extremity of the Rand, the Randfontein properties continue to make only a fair show, the Porges Randfontein having just declared its second dividend. The neighbouring property, the Violet, has turned out something of a failure, the second month's crushing showing a falling off. The tailings at this mine are exceedingly refractory, and the cyanide treatment here has, so far, proved a failure. At the neighbouring Lancaster the mill has been running for the last two months of the year, and shows a good return, which will be augmented during the first months of 1898, particularly when the cyanide plant is ready. So far, only the Battery Reef has been crushed, and, when the Botha series is drawn upon, higher averages may be expected. At the York (the old Emma), just above the Lancaster, the battery ran in December and won 1048 oz. from 3595 tons, besides the recovery from tailings—801 oz. from 2950 tons. This is quite fair for a first month's return.

The investor or speculator must not hastily assume that the progress of the Rand will proceed uninterruptedly throughout 1898 in the line indicated above. Next to the perennial question of economic reforms, still withheld by the Boer Government, it is apparent on the surface that the labour difficulty may become acute during the year, and stand in the way of the natural expansion of the industry. The scarcity of native labour is chronic, and the entrance of so many new mines into the producing list, as is contemplated during the current year, cannot take place without greatly increasing the scarcity. To this dearth of working Kaffirs is to be attributed the increase in costs at numbers of mines towards the end of 1897—an increase which must ultimately be reflected upon the share market. The result of the Presidential election can hardly be otherwise than unfavourable for the market, and

We give a photo of the handsome building of the Chamber of Mines in Market Street and of the cyanide plant of the Geldenhuis Deep.

INDUSTRIALS.

Among generally dull markets Industrials have suffered, but the undercurrent remains strong, and the public are more or less in evidence

as buyers even on the dullest days.

Maple's report, which, by-the-bye, is not accompanied by a balance-sheet, must be pleasant reading to the shareholders, who receive 15½ per cent. for the year after £53,000 is placed to reserve; and Messrs. Liberty and Co., of Regent Street, have an equally satisfactory state of affairs to present, the profits being £26,657 for 1897, against £26,035 for the previous year. Spencer, Turner, and Boldero appear, on the whole, to have had a fairly prosperous year; the profits are £40,110, against £45,862 in 1896, but the 8 per cent dividend is maintained, £10,000 placed to reserve, and £17,532 carried forward, so that shareholders have reason for at least modest congratulation. In Dublin the fish-oil gamble appears to be almost as lively as ever, and the talk is that the shares will go to £50; but from what we know by experience of such "pools," it is safe to say the shares are very dangerous for outsiders to touch. The business of William Chadburn and Son, of Liverpool, whose practical monopoly of the manufacture of ship's telegraphs is of enormous value, will shortly be offered for public subscription with a moderate capitalisation, and the shares should be cagerly subscribed for by people who like a sound home industrial company which is pretty sure to rank in a few years with the best of the old-established concerns.

THE SALT UNION.

The affairs of this gigantic concern appear to be rapidly approaching crisis, the chief wonder being, in our opinion, the price at which the debentures are maintained. The directors' report and balance-sheet for 1897 is truly dismal reading, showing a net profit for the year of only £66,822 before the deduction of debenture interest, or an actual earning capacity, on £3,000,000 of share capital, of £12,822 only. Truly it was high time that a committee of shareholders took the concern in hand, for the present policy of drift can only end in one way if allowed to go on. We are glad to hear that out of some 1300 replies which the committee have received to their last circular, only one solitary answer has reached them in opposition to their plan for removing the offices to Liverpool, which means replacing the present well-meaning but futile Board by men who understand the business, and giving the concern, in all probability, a fresh chance of life. Things cannot be worse, for the position appears to us very like that of the Grand Trunk Railway when the Tyler gang were removed, and if the Salt Union

committee's efforts are as successful as those of the corresponding body in the case of the great Canadian Railway, the shareholders will have cause to rejoice over taking energetic action. In this case the people who have taken the matter up represent between them £470,000 of the Union's capital, and will probably save it, assuming salvation is within the bounds of possibility, which is by no means sure.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

This market is dominated by two factions, and whatever life is to be This market is dominated by two factions, and whatever file is to be found in it of late, has been traceable to one or the other. For the moment, the London and Globe party are at a discount and the Bottomley faction very much in the ascendant. From the financier's point of view, shareholders are always ungrateful animals, as poor Mr. Davis found to his cost at the meeting of the African Gold Trust the other day; and the shareholders in the London and Globe subsidiary mines appear to be no exception to the rule, for they actually wanted to look the gift-horse of amalgamation, which Mr. Whitaker Wright had prepared for them, in the mouth, so the good man has, not unnaturally, withdrawn the whole business, and for the moment Globes, America Corporation, and even Lake View Consols, are out of favour both with the public and the market. Undeterred by the failure of his great rival, Mr. Bottomley is about to shuffle his cards, and the air is full of rumours about a gigantic corporation which is to absorb the West Australian Joint Stock Trust, the West Australian Market Trust, the West Australian Loan and Finance, together with the host of other finance and mining companies which the market owes to Mr. Bottomley's fertile genius. We venture which the market owes to Mr. Bottomley's fertile genius. We venture to prophesy that, where Whitaker Wright has failed, Bottomley will succeed.

ISSUES.

Issues.

The Premier Trawling and Fish Carrying Company, Limited.—We have seen some impudent prospectuses in our time, but for downright audacity we have not often come across anything equal to that upon which this company is trying to float £150,000 debentures, to say nothing of £200,000 of share capital. As far as we can see, the security for the debentures at present consists of ten second-hand steam trawlers, worth at the outside, perhaps, £4000 apiece, and a contract to build thirty-four new ones, which may become part of the security when they are built, and provided the company has enough money subscribed to pay for them. Steam-trawling is a precarious industry from which in a good season big profits are made, and in a bad one heavy losses, and for what the purchase price of £170,000, in addition to the cost of the new boats, is to be paid does not appear. Perhaps the directors will explain.

The Schibaieff Petroleum Company, Limited, with a share capital of £750,000, is about to ask for public subscriptions, and the first thing that strikes the reader of the prospectus is the very small amount of shares which the vendors are taking as part of the purchase consideration. Considering that these said vendors are reselling at a profit, they might have shown a little more confidence in the enterprise. The company will merely hold the shares of a Russian company, and, if we may judge by English experience of this kind of arrangement in American enterprises, we hardly fancy it will commend itself to the investing public. In good times there is not, perhaps, much objection, but if matters begin to go wrong directors always shelter themselves behind the foreign corporation, and give just as much, or rather as little, information as they choose. Petroleum is the fashion just now, and this company will probably be eagerly subscribed, but the shares are the class of investment on which we should require a very high rate of interest to make it worth our while to hold. The waiver clause in the prospectus is far too f

Saturday, Feb. 19, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

C. H. W.—Your shares are a miserable lot. We should sell the whole of them, except, perhaps, No. 3, and even the exception is very doubtful.

Two Shares.—We do not like No. 1, but the report is about due, so you might wait and see what it will bring forth. No one here seems to know even of the existence of No. 2, but it may be a most respectable concern for all that. Ask your banker or your solicitor to inquire of their Nottingham correspondents.

J. E. W.—We think the mine you name is a "wrong un," but a good many people in the market think otherwise.

A. K. H.—The conversion will, of course, by diminishing the quantity of stock, restrict the market. We converted £1000 1908 bonds of our own for this reason. Buy Imperial Continental Gas stock, Gas-Light and Coke A stock, Marshall and Snelgrove debentures, Lady's Pictorial Five per Cent. Preference shares, or Mercantile Trust Preference stock.

Liquidation.—If your shares are paid up to the nominal or face value, you have no more liability. Every shareholder is included in the list of contributories, whether his shares are fully paid or not, because the list is made up not only for the purpose of getting money out of those who have not paid up, but also for the purpose of determining to whom money is due if there is any surplus after the debts are paid.

E. R. T.—Your letter was answered on the 13th inst.

Columbian.—We really cannot give you directions about the various Klondyke routes in this column. Apply to one of the shipping companies, or at the office of the Canadian Pacific Railway in London.

Alpha.—(1) The report is not encouraging, but we advise you to hold on, as the present market-price is a mere trifle. (2) Judgment is reserved, and it would be folly of us to try and anticipate the result. (3) Sell. (4) A pure gamble.

Weekly Subscriber.—We think not, but will make inquiries.

gamble.

Weekly Subscriber.—We think not, but will make inquiries.

Cheshier.—Support the committee's recommendations, especially as to removing the head office to Liverpool.—The present Board must go before any good is likely to be done; see this week's "Notes."

We regret that, through an inadvertence on the part of Messrs. Mendelssohn, the photographers, the portrait we gave in our last issue as Surgeon McFall, the husband of "Sarah Grand," was really that of his eldest son by his first marriage. Dr. McFall died at Folly Lane, Warrington.